

JUNE 1939

The American
LEGION
M A G A Z I N E

THE MAN
WHO LICKED **JOHN L.**

BY RICHARD
MATTHEWS
HALLET



ROLL OUT THE BEAT OLD DRUM'S THE TREAT!



To Jack Sadoff, drummer of RUSS MORGAN'S famous band, goes this month's award of the honorary miniature Gold Drum. Jack is a unanimous selection—because his smooth, pulsing rhythms help to make "Music in the Morgan Manner" a treat to hear.

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The next time you're "at ease," take a taste of Old Drum. You'll find it's the smoothest, mellowest whiskey that ever went down the hatch! That's because Old Drum is blended by skillful experts. Try some tonight.

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AND PRICE, YOU
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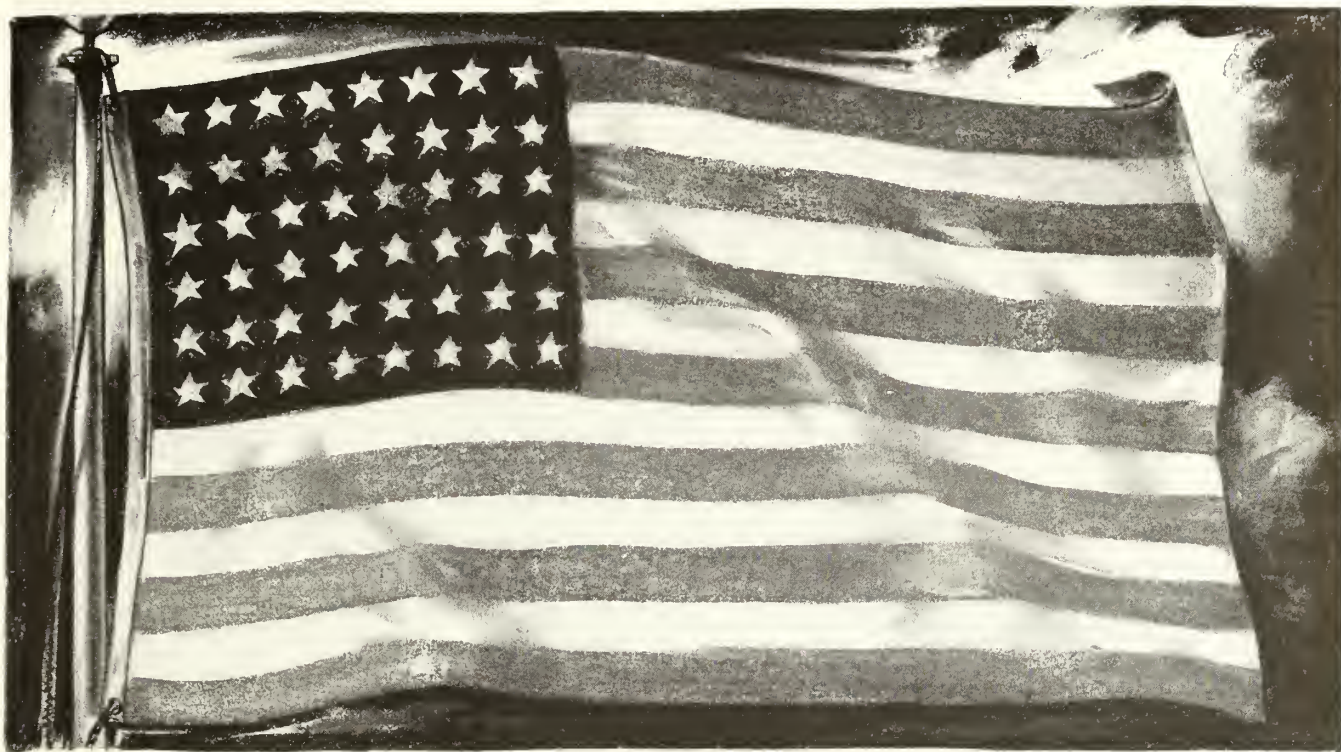
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OLD DRUM

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OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. OLD DRUM BRAND DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—85 PROOF. COPR. 1939 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.





SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

By Robert Lee Beveridge

WHEN our flag goes by, doesn't it make a lump rise in your throat or bring a trace of a tear?

It should. There, waving in the breeze, is your sole assurance of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Does it not make you feel proud and confident of the future? Does it not give you a feeling of security? There in all its brilliance of color and harmony you see the embodiment of yourself and your neighbor—rulers of this nation.

Behind its waving beauty lurks no hideous danger of a dictator, for under its rippling glory all men are free and equal. No one person has the power to tell you how to think, what to say, or when and how to worship. Under its banner there live no serfs or isms, but free men proud in their heritage of the past, confident and optimistic of the future; who, like kings, can speak to their God in any language, in any creed, without fear of contradiction.

Yes, it is truly named OLD GLORY. It is the living symbol of the glorious promises on earth of the Eternal Father. It unites into one image all of the Ten Commandments that Moses gave to mankind and that the Christ assured us were the laws of God. Is it any wonder that with

pride, all of us stand at attention when it passes and render the privileged homage of its citizens—the salute? Given not in fear and dread, not compelled to do so by law, but voluntarily, with loving reverence for the living, visible consummation of an ideal, born in the slough of despondency, despair and hopelessness, in a period of time actuated by the ignorance, selfishness, and brutality of man, now justly called the Dark Ages.

It is the messenger of PEACE. Under its wondrous folds a contented, peace-loving people live in security and hope. Yet let anyone dare to attempt to destroy our flag and it speaks in thundering tones, "Beware! Beware, lest you arouse the anger of my people, they be not slaves nor weaklings! They will fight though they abhor it. Fight not in hatred and in rage, but in righteous indignation, and if you stir them to war I promise you they shall not lay down their arms except in victory!"

Old Glory, truly today on this troubled earth you are a beacon of hope to other lands, a refuge for all people oppressed, and a herald of hope. May the sun each dawn kiss your Stars and Stripes with pride and delight and at eventide bid you a fond goodnight.



FLAG DAY - JUNE 14th



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

JUNE, 1939

The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 26, No. 6

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
15 West 48th St., New York City

THIS is somewhat of a pugilistic issue of your magazine, what with Richard Matthews Hallet's gorgeous fiction story centering on the great John L. Sullivan, and Arthur Donovan's article on the Manly Art of Self Defense, written from the standpoint of the third man in the ring. All names except those of John L. in Mr. Hallet's story are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

FAIRFAX DOWNEY'S account of how short-wave radio is getting across to the peoples of totalitarian countries a lot of news the censor would have successfully denied them otherwise is the story of another kind of battle. As the sub-title indicates, the censor is down for the count of ten. It is probably because English and American radio stations got their programs into hundreds of thousands of German homes that Herr Hitler called the Reichstag in extraordinary session to hear his reply to President Roosevelt's plea for a non-aggression pact. Under conditions prevailing so short a time as a year ago the German people would have known of the Roosevelt proposal in the sketchiest of outline, and it would have been easy to issue a short statement, through the foreign office of the Reich, deftly side-stepping everything. Short-wave radio balked that. Through it we are perhaps witnessing a modern miracle: "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light."

THE seven championship fights which Legionnaire Donovan has refereed are as follows, the winner in

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 52.

each case being given first: Carnera-Sharkey, Baer-Carnera, Braddock-Baer, Louis-Farr, Louis-Mann, Louis-Schmeling (second fight), and Louis-John Henry Lewis. The first fight between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling was probably the most dramatic of all the bouts Arthur has handled, but the world's championship title was not at stake on that occasion. As Legionnaire Donovan points out, the boxing writers were virtually unanimous in the belief that Schmeling didn't have a chance against Louis. But then the experts of another day were also unanimously wrong when they picked Goliath over David.

SECRETARY of State Hull, a veteran himself, though of an earlier war than the one that brought the Legion into being, tells in forthright language something of the aims of the United States in foreign affairs. Uncle Sam seeks peace and is pursuing it. You'd think that nations could settle their differences without resort to arms, but though as these lines are written the outlook for peace isn't half bad, maybe tomorrow morning will be another story. One thing is certain: We're not going to let anybody trifle with the Monroe Doctrine. Leland Stowe's article, "Eyes South," brings that matter into focus for you, and there's an account on page 55 of how the Doctrine came into being, with its text.

NOTE well: Less than four months to the Twenty-First Annual National Convention of The American Legion. At Chicago, September 25th through 28th. Is your wartime outfit holding a reunion then and there? See pages 61 and 62.

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Director of Publications, James F. Burton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Director of Advertising, Frederick L. Maguire; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul
And a wise whiskey judge was he.

He praised to the sky
His Old Overholt rye
For its richness and fine quality.



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MODEL 510—No other low-priced .22 bolt action single shot rifle offers all of the new features found in this new Remington of advanced design. Model 510P (with peep sights) \$6.70. Model 510A (with open sights) \$5.95.

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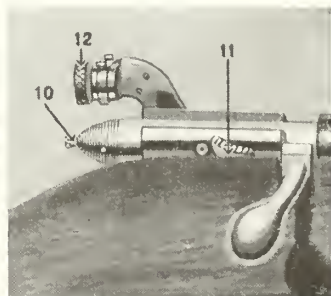
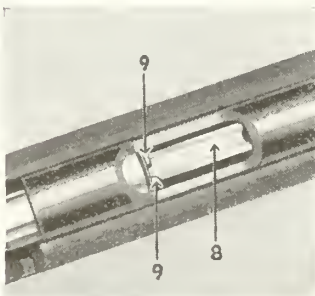
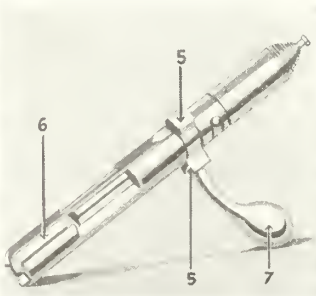
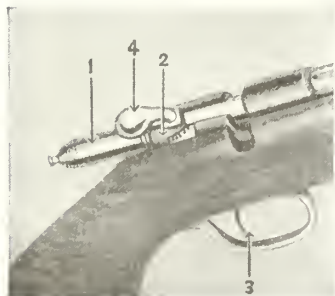
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The MAN *who* LICKED JOHN L.

Illustrations
by FRANK STREET

By

RICHARD
MATTHEWS
HALLET

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S bar was in an uproar the night they hung the painting of "Venus Born from a Wave." Right and left of the lady were wooden Indians, images of Chief Geronimo, with a hatchet in one hand and a bundle of wooden cigars in the other. These had been snatched from in front of cigar stores by John's henchmen as mementoes of John's victories. Over the bar was a plaster cast of the champion's good right arm. That was a fabulous arm, and no mistake; the fist as big as a whale's ear, and power in it like a cider-apple crusher. Some said John's plaster arm should be hung up beside the Sacred Cod in the State House.

John himself was on hand, in a double-breasted lion-skin coat, and a plug hat, and a cigar called Fence Post drawn down into the left-hand corner of his mouth. He had an arm round Georgie Droghan's waist.

"Venus, is it?" he growled. "She's the only good thing that ever came from water, and that's the best I'll say for her."

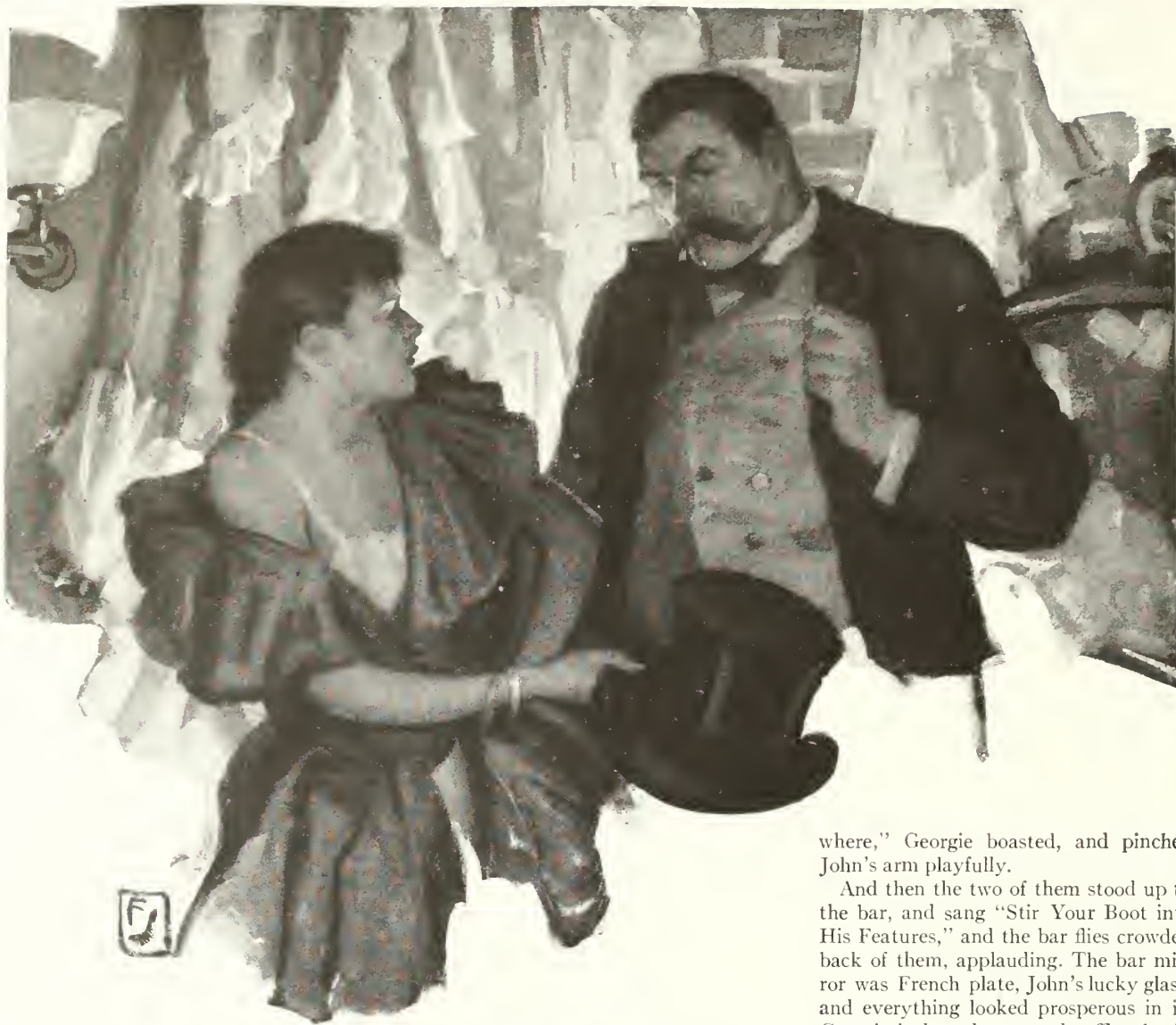
"Arrah go on, you're only foolin'," Georgie smiled.

She was thin as a harrow in those days, with tawny hair clubbed against her neck, and green eyes flickering like heat lightning on a summer's night. John was like a big brother to her. He had picked her out of Ruby the Shield's haunt in the beginning, and given her into Madame Canada's keeping to make an actress of her. Now she had the lead in "Snowflake," and it was natural that John L. Sullivan should be her god. She wore a lock of John's hair in the locket on her breast.

But John hadn't given it to her. She had paid Billy Hogarty the barber a dollar for it. In those days Billy drove a thriving trade in John's hair. He was champion of the world. The King going



John with a plug hat and
a cigar called Fence Post
—and Georgie Droghan



to open Parliament in a gilded coach didn't make more stir than John L. in a Boston hack, going to the Old Howard to show himself as Hercules Throwing Quoits or Ajax Defying the Lightning.

The whole world hung on his least move, and Georgie gloried in him. He drank, yes, but what was a champion if it wasn't a man with a bottle in his hand and a barrel at his elbow? His fist came against a man's gizzard like a telegraph pole butt end foremost; and all the training he needed for a fight was a haircut and a shave.

Those were glorious times, and everyone in John's neighborhood was prosperous. The great man had money stuffed in every pocket, and a wad of it in his hat, and silver in his purse, and it was all whirled away from him like leaves from a tree.

"Here's success, John," the bar flies said.

And now here he was, fiddling with his black mustaches, and glaring at the new picture of Venus.

"It's a good likeness," he said to young Jimmy Considine, who had painted it.

"It's a good subject," Jimmy said.

**"Let you be going your ways,"
she told him, "and I'll be going
mine"**

"I've seen her somewhere, but I disremember where," said John.

"It's Georgie Droghan," Sport Campani pointed out.

John L. Sullivan turned his black look on Georgie.

"Would it be you posing for the likes of Jimmy Considine?" he asked.

"Only for the head, John," Georgie giggled.

"The head is all, John," Considine said.

He was a young toff from Beacon Hill, and he looked pale under his shiny hat, with the moss rose in the lapel of his coat.

"It better had be all," said big brother John.

Georgie Droghan made a diversion.

"Here's to John L. Sullivan," she cried, "and no man living can get him with his feathers down."

"That's right. John's in the pink. He's the finest man that ever inhabited a suit of clothes," Sport Campani said.

"You can't take a pick of him any-

where," Georgie boasted, and pinched John's arm playfully.

And then the two of them stood up to the bar, and sang "Stir Your Boot into His Features," and the bar flies crowded back of them, applauding. The bar mirror was French plate, John's lucky glass, and everything looked prosperous in it. Georgie in her plumes and ruffles, burly John in his lion skin, and Sport Campani with his shirt open on his chest to show the arm of John L. Sullivan tattooed there. The Sullivan Combination moved at will in a deferential world.

"Put your props up," John roared to Georgie, and the girl, laughing, swung at him with the round-arm uppercut that he had taught her.

"How's that, John?"

"That's the caper. Flush on the dial," said the champion, and shot a rib-tickler of his own to Georgie's whalebone. "You would strip now better than most of these pugs. That's the blow; and you can use it on any man that looks disrespectful at you, Georgie."

He looked hard at Jimmy Considine, and then at Venus, and Georgie laughed, "Any man that looks disrespectful. That's any man but John L. Sullivan, I'm thinking."

"It's Jimmy Considine, for one," says John, and down came the flat of his hand on Jimmy's hat.

John never could resist a shiny hat. If he liked you he smashed your hat, and if he didn't like you he smashed your hat. He didn't like Jimmy Considine, and so he smashed his hat. But not from

jealousy. John wasn't a sentimental man. The ring was his only love. He took a nightly sponge of rock salt, horse radish and whisky to keep himself hard. Smashing was John's trade, not mashing.

"This is no man for you, with a moss rose in his lapel," he told Georgie, and because she owed everything to John, she gave the painter his conge.

John was just Gog and Magog rolled into one. It was easier for him to knock a bloke's block off than reason with it, he always said. It was quicker, too. He could put a man to grass quicker than hell could scorch a feather. He went up and down the land flattening opposition, and Venus with the head of Georgie Droghan stayed on the bar-room wall.

Georgie herself drank Dublin Stout, and played fatter parts. She was in a box when John's admirers presented him with a diamond belt, on the stage of the Boston Theater. They met back stage.

"You're getting to be too much of a good thing," Georgie Droghan said.

"What's that, now?" growled the champion.

"Your usefulness is getting circumscribed by your amplitude," says Mistress Georgie archly.

"What's these words that crack against the wall?" John roared.

"It's just my way of saying you look like a bale of hay with the middle hoop busted," she informed him. "If you don't stop drinking Saw - My - Leg - Offs, you'll have to wear a buckskin corset for the collywobbles, John."

"You're no lightning rod yourself, me lass."

"Chut."

"It's not the waist of you will be going through an alderman's ring any longer," said the champion.

"Is it you telling me?" cried Georgie. "'Twill not be Jimmy Considine. Jimmy's a gentleman, anyway."

"So it's Considine is at the bottom of it. I'll put a head on him. I say I'll teach Jimmy Considine to play a harp," John raged.

The actress, full-blown in a pink taffeta dressing-gown, stood up out of her chair.

"Here's your dicer, John," she said, handing him his hat. "I'll not be shut into a room any longer with my thoughts, and you lushing around with the ale hounds and doing what you see fit. I'll thank you to mind your own affairs henceforth."

But that was more than John could swing to. He went the rounds, and found Jimmy Considine at the bar of the Game Chickens' Retreat, with a fancy garter hanging from his fingers.

"Georgie Droghan has got the mate to it," Considine was saying to the barman, friendliwise. And then his eye came round to John L. Sullivan.

"So Droghan's got the mate to it," says John with a black look.

Actresses' garters were to the young blades from Beacon Hill what wooden Indians were to John.

"Why hello, John, how are you?" Considine said.

"Struggling like yourself," John growled.

He shook the garter out of Hooker's hand.

"Easy, John," says Considine, very pale.

"Ain't nobody stepped on you for a worm yet?" John snarled.

He smashed Considine's hat flat with a swipe that made the lad's bone-ends telescope in their sockets.

"I'll see you in hell with your tongue

hanging out, and you with no money to buy a beer," John muttered, and a worse fate he couldn't wish any man.

Within ten minutes he was banging open the door to Georgie's dressing room. Droghan was in brocaded corsets and lace edges. Her tawny hair flowed wild over one shoulder, and the Satanella look was in her green eyes.

"Another time, you knock, will you, before you enter a lady's dressing-room?" she panted.

"Me trying all my life to make a lady out of you, and you jumping sideways out of the fills," John bellowed, towering over her.

"A lady! How would you go to work to make a lady, with a pair of hands on you like that? It takes a gentleman to make a lady, and I guess you would easily escape detection as a gentleman anywhere."

That was Georgie, always throwing a line at you from one of her plays, just because it was the first thing that came handy—like John yanking a leg off a billiard-table.

"I'll warm your jacket for you,"

John said, with the Simon Legree look that he would use later in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for lashing on the blood-hounds.

"You rotter. You—you dog in the manger. Unhand me," Georgie screamed, right out of "Passports to Hell."

"Here's Considine's compliments," says John, and he threw the garter on the floor.

Georgie shrieked, "You've killed him, John," and her knees knocked together.

"Him? That squirt? I wouldn't use him for a rag to swamp a barroom out with."

"John, I swear I didn't give it to him."

"Don't make me laugh; I'll crack me lip."

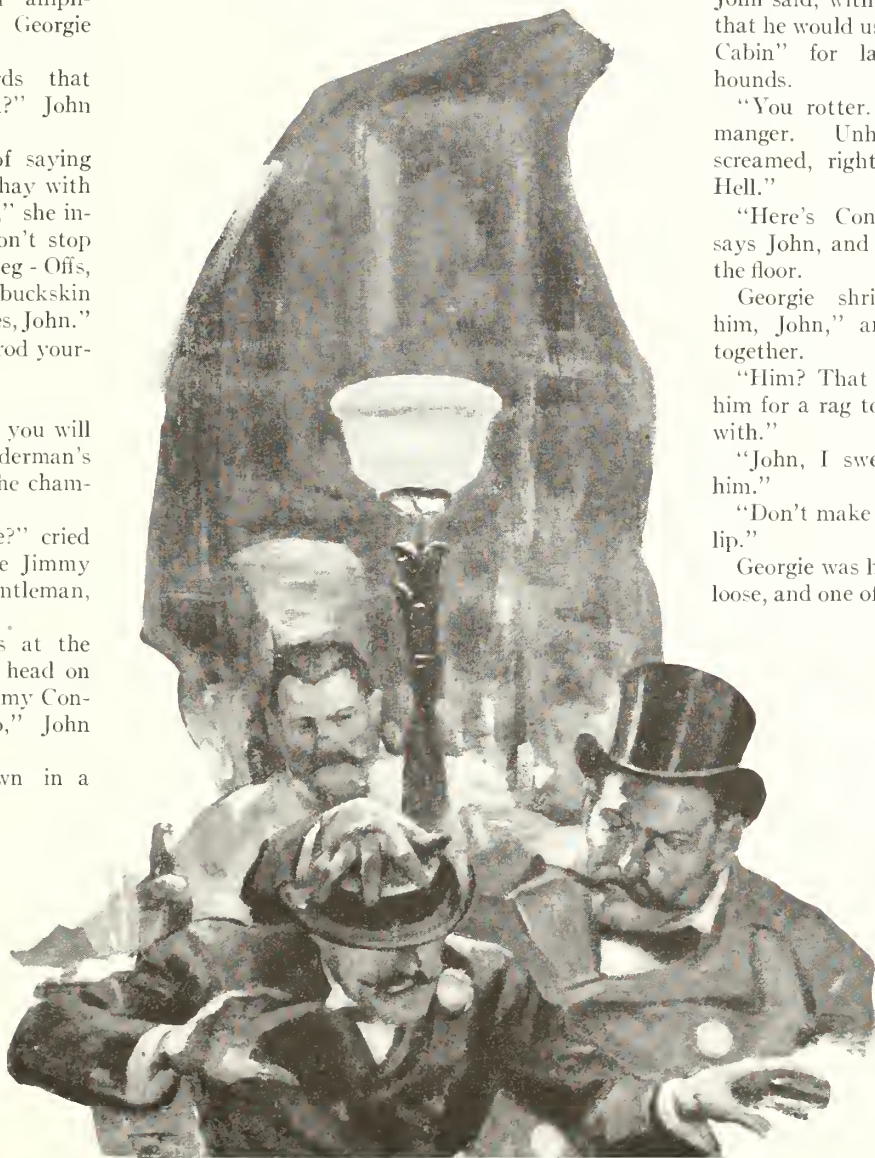
Georgie was half adrift, with her hair loose, and one of her stockings, that had been at half mast, tumbled down around her ankle.

"John, is it a cast-iron woman you think I am? Let you be going your ways, and I'll go mine."

The callboy Jigs yelled "Cheese it, the cops," and John grabbed his hat and scuttled away like a bat out of hell.

That night he broke the iron pillar that held up the second story of the Game Chickens' Retreat.

But this was the



If he liked you he smashed your hat, and if he didn't like you he smashed your hat

beginning of his not getting his way in everything. Fights were scarce, and he could not be slipping hundred-dollar bills into the vases in his mother's parlor. John L. Sullivan was on the bones. He was like a man who had struggled up a mountain just to have the fun of sliding down the other side. It was all he could do to flag the bread cart in its mad flight past his door.

He had his foot on the brass rail oftener than ever, but it was not his own rail. He had lost his own bar in Washington Street. The bar-mirror and the "Venus" and the silver-plated dumbbells were put up at auction, and Georgie had them bought in, and stored in the cellar of the Game Chickens' Retreat. Banished as he was, he was still her great man, and she felt that his time would come again. He was still champion. He had knocked the nose off everything but the Sphinx, and if he had been born earlier, he would have licked the man that knocked that nose off.

"What's this I hear about the fight with Corbett?" Georgie asked Sport Campani, who had come down to selling gum at the stage entrances. John's arm was still on his bare chest, but it had shrunk a little.

"Corbett?" cried the Sport. "That dude from California? What chance has he got with John? Corbett drinks milk. Say, lady, when John L. Sullivan was three days old he was sitting down to steak and onions and a mug of stout."

"He will have his modest quencher," Georgie sighed. "Where is the diamond belt?"

"He's hocked the last of it to get money for his training," Sport Campani told her. "He'll be crowing on top of the hill in another month."

Georgie Droghan felt a pang striking through her. John had been drinking to his own success too often. If he was in good fix, a barrel of horseshoes wouldn't help Jim Corbett, but John's bellows wasn't what it had been. The old weakness in back of the champion's knees was showing up again, she had heard. He trained by wrestling with the distilleryimps that clustered thick in his path.

Georgie was right at her peak, playing in a revival of "Passports to Hell," when she saw John in the flesh again. She was all in white, with a gold fillet round her brows, and standing in an open carriage, the wheels twined with white roses. Droghan the white-souled, men called her now. Once they had called her the green Venus, but that was in the days when they had looked right through her to the clocks on her stockings, which should be known to God alone.

A bevy of her admirers had forced themselves into the shafts in place of horses, and Jimmy Considine was one of these. Georgie's heart was in her throat when she saw John L. Sullivan leaning against a lamp post, with his plug hat sloping on his brow. He had a Fence Post in the corner of his mouth, and he was

twirling his black dragoon mustaches.

It was plain to any eye that he had had an over-dose of tanglefoot, and Georgie didn't want a scene. Once before she had gone past him in an open carriage, with a band of coryphées from "The Black Crook" languishing in search of champagne suppers and the Babylonish pleasures, and John had dragged her bodily over the wheel's rim and sent her packing.

Now she wouldn't meet his eye. She went past him like something drifting and melting in a dream, with the pure, proud look to her of a woman born but yesterday, like Venus from white foam. Venus with the head of Georgie Droghan.

But out of the corner of her eye she had that glimpse of John standing pegged like an iron man to the sidewalk. She felt the pang again, pinching the walls of her heart together. It was John who had picked her out of Ruby the Shield's haunt and made an honest woman of her. He had brought fame and fortune to her, and now she had let him go past her on her blind side.

The carriage rolled on, scattering the rose petals on the cobblestones, but Georgie Droghan had no ear for the cheering that was all for her, and none of it for John. Imagination rolled her back to the door sill of that magic moment when she had stood with John's arm twined in hers, and the pair of them had sung "Corsets for My Colleen" and seen their reflections in the lucky mirror.

"It's me that could have saved him from himself," she mourned.

The first act of "Passports to Hell" was over when Jigs the call boy plucked her arm.

She looked down at him from the shadow of a hat with purple plumes. Her Venus dress of emerald plush was hung to her shoulders with a single row of jet beads. Half the carmine saucer was on her lips, and a tough, black make-up under her green eyes.

"John's needing you, Miss Droghan," Jigs whimpered.

"John? What John is that, my lad?"

The great lady put her fair hand on Jigs' head.

"John L. Sullivan. What the hell other John are they?" Jigs was bold enough to say.

"Let you be keeping a civil tongue in your head, boy, or I shall wash your mouth out with soap," she warned him.

But she was plainly staggered.

"There's a man at the stage entrance says John's knocking everything to stove-wood, ma'am, at the Game Chick-



ens' Retreat!" Jigs cried. "There won't be nobody alive in Boston, the way John's taking on."

She took his pale face in trembling hands. Jigs breathed a waft of the heliotrope powder dusted on her neck.

"Is it John's beak dipped in the growler again?" she whispered. "Come, have you lost your tongue, boy? Is it drunk he is again entirely, bad cess to him?"

"He's turned horrid," Jigs quavered. "It's on account of them shoving the

wooden Indians down into the cellar."

"It's on no such account," Georgie murmured.

She sank into a stage chair and put a hand over her heart. Jigs heard her choking out to the manager that she was taken deathly sick, and they must stop the play. Next he was tossing in a hack, with Georgie Droghan at his side.

"I ask him yesterday," Jigs said, "I

the gas-light, she reached up money to the hackman.

"Wait here, my man," she said.

She and Jigs went in through the Family Entrance.

Distillery imps had been at work. The wooden dragons over the bar had their tails wrenched off. The billiard table was upside down. The plaster arm was smashed into a thousand pieces. The oys-

ermine of a king. Dead-beats who hung onto the champion's coat tails, because they thought that just John's shadow was more potent than the flesh-and-blood of other men.

"Where's his Nibs?" Georgie put it to them.

"He's in the cellar," said the Spider.

"He's as low as he can get, then."

"He's sledging out the cellar posts,"



Looking like the devil's own with his hat smashed amid a welter of broken glass

ask him, 'Mr. Sullivan, what do you drink when you are training?' And he said, 'Blood. Nothing but blood. I drain a boy your size three times a day.' Do you think he does, Miss Droghan?"

"Heart's blood," Miss Droghan said with a wild laugh.

They stopped at the Game Chickens' Retreat, and pale and beautiful under

ter-opener's mouth was still open, where John had tried to ram a billiard-ball down his throat, and hadn't quite succeeded.

And there were smashed hats everywhere, on the heads of those poor scrapings and starvelings who had gone up with John and come down with him, and were still on hand to hold up the tattered

the Spider moaned, his world reeling. "It sounds like two of them down there," Georgie said.

"He's took notions, ma'am," Sport Campani said.

"What kind of notions?"

"Notional notions, ma'am. He's asking the man in back of him to come out from behind and fight, man to man."

"Who's the man in back of him?"

"There ain't nary man in back of him. John's digestion (*Continued on page 48*)

In the AMERICAN TRADITION

By

CORDELL HULL

ONE of the most illustrious of my predecessors in the office of Secretary of State, Elihu Root, once said, "A democracy which undertakes to control its own foreign relations ought to know something about the subject." No statement could be more true. Nothing is more vital to the existence and the successful maintenance of a democratic state than that its people should understand, should think intelligently, should decide wisely, and should act unitedly in the field of foreign relations.

In these modern times, as the nations of the world are brought closer and closer together and as the relations among them become more and more complicated, there is no field in which it is more difficult to assemble and to evaluate properly the facts necessary to clear thinking and effective action than in this field. Toward enabling our Government and our people to understand and to decide intelligently, it is necessary that our officials and our public give greater attention than ever before to the tasks of being adequately informed, of studying problems together, and of reaching by common effort sound conclusions on the basis of which, in turn, sound decisions may be made.

WE NEED, first of all, to understand our own country and ourselves. We need to realize that as a people we have by inheritance a love of liberty, that we believe in freedom—of individuals and of nations. We need to realize that our fathers sought, that we are seeking, and that our children will seek legitimate opportunity. Our forefathers came to this land in quest of opportunity. They fought for freedom. Many of them laid down their lives that the independence which we enjoy might be achieved; many others of them, that the national unity which had been achieved might be preserved. You, members of the Legion, and other millions who were your comrades in arms, fought in defense of the human rights, the cherished institutions, the ideals and principles, and the national integrity in which the people of this country always have believed and which they always have been ready to defend.

Our forefathers sought peace, and we today are more intent upon peace than upon any other single objective. The

peace that we seek is, however, a peace which must be defined and be understood. It is not merely that negative status or condition that is the opposite of armed conflict, usually designated "war;" it is that status or condition in which a reasonable degree of well being prevails, in which the daily activities of human beings can be carried on with reasonable comfort, with reasonable certainty, with reasonable immunity from anxiety and apprehension, with reasonable security, with a reasonable sense that justice is being done and will be done. The peace upon which we are intent is peace with justice.

Being human, we of course think of peace first and foremost for ourselves and for our own country. But we know—we feel intuitively and we conclude by processes of reasoning—that in ultimate analysis a breach of the peace in any part of a community does injury to the whole community. When in a municipality some individuals engage in physical violence, the acts of violence, the breach of the peace, are regarded as an offense against the whole community, for they disturb the community and they affect adversely the interests of each and every member of the community. The same is true in and of the world at large. Resort to violence by any nation disturbs the whole family of nations and, with its adverse effects, is an offense against every nation.

To make the matter concrete, recall the ways in which and the degree to which the war which began in Europe in 1914 disturbed this country. It threw out of adjustment our economic life, our political life, our social life; it affected us so adversely that before it, a "European war," was ended this country was forced to take up arms in self defense. The consequences adverse to this country of that breach of the peace in Europe in 1914 are still being felt in tremendous measure by the people of the United States. Ask yourselves about the effects upon this country, adverse effects, of the more recent armed conflicts in the Far East, in and around the Mediterranean, and in

Spain. These breaches of the peace elsewhere have disturbed the peace of this country perceptibly and substantially: they have created for us political anxieties; they have created for us economic difficulties and problems; they have affected unpleasantly our social life, our thinking, our planning, our hopes and our efforts to live wholesomely, happily and helpfully. They have created among us feelings of horror, fears, uncertainties, misrepresentations and misunderstandings; in some quarters doubts, in some quarters controversies and contention, in some quarters even the mental paralysis of "despair" and "defeatist" psychologies.

JUDGE HULL, who saw service in the Spanish-American War as a captain of Tennessee Volunteers, had had a distinguished career in that State when he became a Congressman in 1907. Except for a two-year interval he served in that capacity until 1931, when he became a Senator. On March 4, 1933 he entered upon his present high office of Secretary of State, an office he has filled with distinguished ability. The article herewith was written by the Secretary at the instance of The American Legion's National Organization, which asked how the membership of the Legion might be of service to the nation in the matter of foreign affairs

The foreign policies of the United States do not originate with and are not made by the Government; they come from and they are made by the whole nation. The will of the nation is expressed through channels and by the functioning of agencies which the nation in its sovereign capacity has created. These agencies seek at all times accurately to understand

and faithfully to give expression to that will. There is in this country no line of cleavage, no mould of class or caste, no difference of origin or of interest between those of our people who are in official positions and those who are not. The Government of the United States cannot—nor would it—at any moment move far in advance of or lag far behind the thought and the desire of the American people.

Our officials are, however, in an advantageous position to study situations which arise, to look ahead, and to judge what measures and methods may need to be adopted toward best safeguarding our

dom and efficiency. We do that in private business. We must do it—for safety and for effectiveness—in public business, the business of the whole 130 million of the American people.

Whatever may be our diversities of views and of efforts in regard to internal problems, the conducting of foreign relations calls for unity of thought, of purpose and of effort. A house divided against itself invites destruction by wind and weather. A nation that would be secure and that would avoid being taken advantage of should present a common front to other nations and be united in support of policies and measures thought-

ing of operations—must be entrusted to and be accepted by those whom the people place in office.

The men whom you as voters have elected to represent you and to represent your various States in the Congress of the United States are able, conscientious and hardworking men. They truly represent their constituencies. They are doing their best collectively to conserve and promote your interests, the interests of the electorate, the interests of the people of the United States, the interests of this great country of ours. The President, placed in office by the majority of the electorate, represents and is responsible to the whole



PHOTO BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

country's interests. It is therefore highly desirable that our people, choosing their officials, give to their officials a reasonable amount of their confidence and faith. Considerations of size and numbers caused our nation to adopt for our democracy the principle of responsible "representation." We should expect our duly chosen representatives to study problems intensively and, exchanging information and views, conferring on courses of action, and envisaging effects and consequences, to make choices, formulate plans, and carry out operations with a maximum of possible human wis-

The greatest symbol of democracy in this hemisphere—the majestic dome of the Capitol at Washington, stately in its beauty against the background of the night

fully and conscientiously decided upon by its constituted representatives. In this country those authorities are freely chosen by the people. Public opinions must give direction to policies, but responsibility for the making and the execution of decisions regarding ways and means and timing—for the conduct-

nation. He and his various assistants, among whom it is my privilege to be one, are doing everything within their power to safeguard and promote the interests of the whole nation. Before, while and after being in office, we are citizens. If our country has peace and is prosperous, the benefits of those conditions are benefits to all of its citizens; if it does not have peace, the disadvantages which flow from that fact are disadvantages to all of us.

There is no such thing as a desire, an intention or an effort on the part of any American official (Continued on page 38)

THIRD
PRIZE WINNER
in
THE AMERICAN
LEGION MAGAZINE
\$1500 PRIZE
CONTEST

By

STARR
G.COOPER

THEY didn't waste much beauty or paint on those Training Camp Y Auditoriums. But what more could you want? They were efficient, and sufficient. Four walls, a roof, and comfortable-enough seats. Nice and warm, too, with plenty of good heat to defy the January winds. And, too, I always found a welcome just as warm, and a welcome that didn't jar your self respect by fussing over you too much.

That night the huge, bleak, barren box of an auditorium vibrated with life and color. Four thousand persons packed into its three-thousand capacity and into every square inch permitted by the bored M.P.'s. People had come to camp from as far away as Richmond, yes, even from the District of Columbia to hear the great opera singer. There were plenty of starched, white shirt-bosoms and black spiketails to make themselves noticeably evident, even in the mob of olive drab. And the biggest number of women, ladies, we'd ever had at a Camp party; for everybody had taken advantage of the occasion to pay off social debts in town, and our townsfolk dressed every bit as well as did the society matrons from Washington. And our Pennsylvania mothers and sisters and sweethearts didn't have to give an inch in clothes or poise to Richmond's highest-rated F.F.V.'s.

We pack-jammed that Y Auditorium, and maybe we showed off a bit while waiting for the concert to begin. We stamped and cheered and whistled and catcalled, and in general lived up to the accounts we had written home of the way the audience ran the show at Camp doings. We may have overdone it even, to show off, for really we were fairly well on good behavior, with the other-sex guests a lot of us had brought. At best we were a tough audience for any woman singer of classical stuff to handle. She'd better be good!

I didn't take anybody, but the only seat I could get was in the section for

"As He died to make men holy,
let us die to make men free"

MINE EYES

officers with guests. Alongside me at the left sat a first lieutenant, then an elderly lady who might be his grandmother—an aristocrat if ever there was one! Beyond grandma, a couple who you knew at once were first lieutenant's mother and father and powerful pleased with the silver bar on sonny's shoulders.

The other side of me, two boys, second-lieutenants both of them, sat with their proud-as-punch dad between them. That's something the war has done that's good for us. We used to think it sort of

wishywashy for menfolk to show any demonstration of affection; but it just did one's soul good to see the happiness and love fairly beam from dad's squared-back shoulders, and the way first one boy then the other would twist around in his seat and put his arm around his dad's back. The questions they did ask about the folks back in Scranton, or other Scranton boys at camp! Almost too bad they'd taken out time to come to the concert at all.

Pa Scranton liked the way the solid

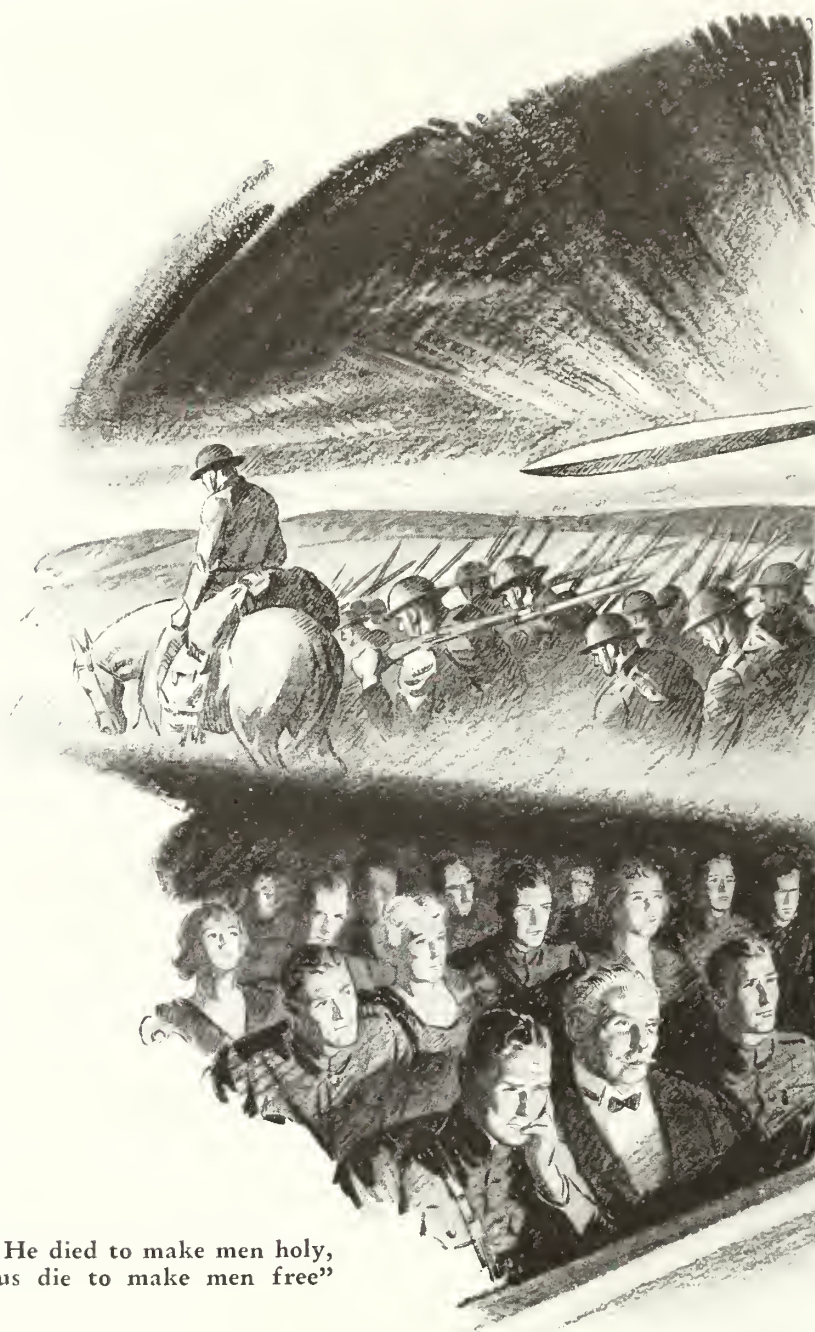


Illustration by
V. E. PYLES



HAVE SEEN

olive-drab section of the house carried on. Wanted to join in "K-K-K-Katie" himself, but the boys cut him down. Grandma F.F. V. thought it undignified, vulgar, bad taste, when such a great opera singer was to appear—typically Pennsylvanian!

"But grandma," I overheard first lieutenant remonstrate, "there are just as many Virginians in camp as there are Pennsylvanians, and the Virginia men know how to have a good time just as much as the Pennsylvanians do."

Grandma subsided. From over in the

solid olive-drab section a gang agonized in would-be close harmony, "Carry me back to ole Virginny." Grandma looked pleased. Another gang drowned them out with "It's a long, long way to Pennsylvania, since Virginia went dry." Grandma looked disgusted.

"You must remember," grandma had first lieutenant by the arm. He looked slightly bored, he'd heard it before. "The last time Virginians and Pennsylvanians met here, they didn't both wear the same color uniforms. It was almost on this very

spot that your grandfather lost his life in the Petersburg Mine."

Pa Scranton's voice boomed out, in one of those odd silences that so frequently spread through a noisy crowd: "It wasn't with state songs that they fought it out here fifty years ago. Isn't it a lot more sensible than when my old man went under in the Petersburg Mine?"

Grandma caught his words, but a momentary sympathy quickly turned into frigid hostility. The two second lieutenants each squeezed one of their dad's hands.

"Smile, smile, smile!" from the whole olive-drab mob.

A door opened at the back of the dingy stage. A cheer greeted the sprucely dressed corporal who stepped out.

"He used to be her accompanist." I could overhear the explanation on either side of me. "When the draft brought him into service, and he was assigned to Company G, —th Infantry of Pennsylvanians, she adopted the whole Company. She's given them a piano and a phonograph, and that's really how she came to camp to sing here."

The cheer dropped to a buzz. The corporal, having left some music on the piano, crossed to the door again and es-

corted onto the stage the great opera singer. Polite silence.

"Hmph!" murmured Grandma. "Shsh!" murmured first lieutenant.

"I won't be shushed. She can't amount to much. There never was, there never could be a great singer with her slight build. Worse yet, she isn't even old enough to have had any real training. I am not going to like her."

"Good government!" Now it was Pa Scranton's turn. "She isn't a carthorse. She's actually slim and young, and pretty. I didn't know they'd learned to grow the new crop of opera singers that way."

Cheers greeted the singer as she took her place by the piano—the cheering of men who just wanted to make a noise, more than any accord to recognized artistry. It was a tough audience.

She sang a light, though unfamiliar, song. Something with tune enough in it for even the solid olive-drab section to understand. (Continued on page 40)



By Leland Stowe EYES

JUST as we slid up to Callao's pier Adolf Hitler socked us straight in the eye. A collective sock, I mean.

All in one wallop it jarred the eyeballs of Secretary of State Cordell Hull and former Governor Alf Landon and the whole United States delegation to the Pan-American Conference. And before we'd even landed to go up to Lima!

There she was, and what a beauty of a liner. Stream-lined, ultra-modern, swank. Her rear sun-decks, curved and terraced like the *Normandie's*. Air-conditioned and bright as a colonel's shoes at dress parade. A sight for seamen's eyes she was, and a flap with pennants like an Old Home Week afloat. And just so we couldn't miss it, flying a huge red flag with a black swastika. She was the *Patria*, nazi Germany's latest bid for passenger service supremacy along the southern Pacific coast. This was her maiden voyage from Hamburg to Valparaiso. Somebody reminded me that she'd left New York a day *after* we had, but had beaten us into Callao by several hours. And despite her de luxe accommodations, her passengers had paid less than we had for slower transportation on our American liner.

If Hitler, Goebbels & Co. wanted to pour salt upon our wounded vanity they had made the most of a rare opportunity. Here was our unpretentious, reliable but old-fashioned Yankee ship coming to dock. And there, directly alongside us, lay the glittering new flagship of Germany's Southern Pacific merchant fleet. A few yards of water and a generation of shipbuilding skill was all that separated them. For any American with an ounce of national pride the contrast was painful. Inevitably that swanky, clean-cut nazi craft made Uncle Sam as a maritime competitor look pretty sad. No wonder the *Patria's* decks were thronged with admiring, duly-impressed Peruvians. No

wonder her crew seemed to peer across at us with a certain triumphant cockiness. She was an eyeful of a liner, and we had to admire her ourselves. More than one of us thought unpleasantly, "So that's how we Americans rate down here?"

A State Department official stood beside me.

"That's what the nazis mean by prestige," I said.

"I'm afraid it is," he admitted wryly.

This was Incident Number One for my second look at South America in two years.

After the conference I went up into the barren, savage hinterlands of the Andes. We stopped in Arequipa. Surrounded by deserts and 19,000-foot peaks, it's a

thriving oasis of a city; the second largest in Peru. I came in from La Paz with General Carlos Quintanilla, commander-in-chief of the Bolivian army. When he found we could speak German together, the general became very friendly. He told me he was on his way to Europe; first, to pay a personal visit to Hitler and then to Mussolini, after which he'd also confer

Under the Monroe Doctrine we shall tamper with the sovereign-publics. But economic and another story, the story of muscled in south of Panama.



Smelter and shops in Oroya, Peru, of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Company, founded in the United States. Its stock is largely American-owned



SOUTH

Valdivia, an important lumber-export town in Southern Chile, is overwhelmingly German in its population. Note name of the hotel. On opposite page, the cosmopolitan skyline of Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina

with General Franco in Spain. The general was a big, finely-built professional soldier of fifty, and he came naturally by his Prussian-like carriage, for he had taken his commission in the kaiser's imperial army shortly before the war. Hitler, he said, was the greatest man in the world. But he was good-humored and friendly and we got along fine.

insist that no European nation
ty of the South American re-
commercial penetration—that's
how Germany and Italy have
Here it is in broad outline

In Arequipa the general insisted I must be his guest for tea or what-have-you at the German Club. I thought that was swell, you bet, because—up there in the Peruvian Andes—clubs of any kind are scarcer than is a feminine silk ankle. Besides, I was curious as to what kind of club the nazis would have. So we walked through narrow streets and over a bridge, far above a half-dried-up river. We turned down one block and came to a large one-story building. It didn't look like much until we got inside and then I gasped with surprise and pleasure. Graveled walks, a big garden rampant with flowers; spacious, open rooms with modernistic furnishings; a bright and

cozy bar that would easily match those of the Elks or Rotarians—or the Legionnaires—at home.

I hadn't seen anything to compare with it outside of Lima. And I'll be double-darned if the Germans hadn't built an outdoor bowling alley, surely the only one within hundreds of miles. And imagine the luxury of sinking into a real armchair once more. Nothing like this in Arequipa's best hotel. In the lounge several Germans were quietly reading or drinking beer. A handsome radio-phonograph played popular music as we ate and drank. For me, after ten days of hard traveling through bedraggled, dirty Indian towns at altitudes of 11,000 feet or more, it was like walking right out of the Albanian mountains into the Players' Club of New York.

The general, of course, was as pleased as the only surviving gobbler on a turkey farm. He'd been telling me what smart people the nazis were. Now I could see what splendid hospitality they offered their Latin American friends. "Sehr schoen, nicht wahr?" he said. Yes, I had to admit it. But I was thinking that you'd never find an "American Club" in an out-of-the-way place like this. No, we Americans were too slow. We still didn't think that clubrooms and informal but well-prepared hospitality had any direct relation to our national prestige and our diplomatic progress in the outposts of South America.

Perhaps this explains why you can travel down one coast of the southern continent and up the other, as I have done, and find comparatively few places where Uncle Sam is unquestionably out in front in local prestige or trade, or in matters of close and confidential relations with the governing classes of these countries. You'll find a good many



A busy street in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil which suggests in a subtle manner the vast wealth of that nation of magnificent distances

American residents. But you won't find many of them "mixing in" with Latin Americans in the same easy, ingratiating manner of Hitler's and Mussolini's chosen representatives. Least of all will you find our diplomats and businessmen playing a common game *according to highly-coordinated plans*, as the nazis and fascists do.

In most of these countries the boys from the European dictatorships have got the jump on us. They've been out in front in Peru, Bolivia and Brazil for a good while. Now they're using every weapon and ruthlessly pushing us back in Argentina. In every South American country Germans and Italians are pressing every advantage. They're on their toes all the time, and they fight hard. It is we, the Americans, who are on the defensive. The totalitarian governments hold the offensive—and they intend to keep it at all costs!

AT WHAT cost to us? There's the rub. Certainly more unemployment right now. Eventually, perhaps, the loss of countless thousands of lives.

In November, 1936, I flew from Chicago to Buenos Aires. For *three* solid days we sped along the coastline of a *single* country. I learned that Brazil's one uninterrupted coastline is longer than our own Atlantic and Pacific coastlines combined. I gazed down on hundreds of miles of magnificent beaches, totally uninhabited and open to the sea. I saw the yawning mouth of the Amazon, virtually unprotected from entrance by anybody's fleet. And zowie! . . . Why, the Brazilians have hardly any navy at all! Who's to prevent the Germans or Italians or Japanese walking right in? Obviously, nobody but Uncle Sam. Marvelous plains and beaches for the invaders' air-fields, too. Some would be only a few hours' flight from Puerto Rico and Miami.

Brazil is larger than the U. S. A. by a second Texas—the largest nation in the western hemisphere and likewise the most thinly populated in proportion to its area. It also contains two-thirds of all the raw material riches in South America . . . coffee, cotton, rubber . . . fabulous forests . . . incredible mountains of iron. Just a natural heaven for colony-cravers, like Bennie and Adolf. But its rubber is absolutely vital to us in the event of war, whereas control of this Eldorado's resources would make the Rome-Berlin dictators masters of the world. Flying for three days across Brazil I realized that if England's frontier today reaches the Rhine, our American frontier stretches as far as Rio de Janeiro. Perhaps we Americans need Brazil's friendship more than any other nation's in the world except Canada's. Any nazi-fascist inroads down there must directly menace our security at home.

Then look at Chile. She's just as easy to look at as the Chileans are. But that smiling land is almost twice as far south of Florida as Paris is from New York.

Why worry about Chile? You'd be surprised, brother. I know I was. We Americans have our *third largest foreign investment*—no less than \$483,000,000—in Chile. The only places where we have larger investments are in Canada and Cuba. And for all our excitement about Japan, China and the Philippines, we've actually got a bigger stake in little Chile

thing we ought to remember. For if ever the Panama Canal is blocked, we can only reunite our fleets through those straits and with the Chilean government's consent. As for the Canal's next-door neighbor, Colombia, her importance to American defense is as plain as the bloom on a rum-hound's nose. Any military strategist will insist that we



Freighters in the Chilean harbor of Tocopilla, loading nitrates, so vitally necessary in peace and war. American investors have a \$483,000,000 stake in Chile



Buildings, traffic markers and light standards of this street in Lima, Peru, do not suffer by comparison with those of cities in the United States

than in the entire Far East! (Maybe it's time we found out where we put our money, anyhow.) In addition, Chile has 95 percent of all the world's nitrates, a first essential for the sinews of war. And she has the Straits of Magellan, some-

need the coöperation of Brazil, Chile and Colombia just as imperatively as they need ours.

Back in 1823 President Monroe proclaimed us the watchdog of the Western World. Under the Inter-American Soli-

clarity declaration of Lima all twenty-one American nations agree to share the watch-dogging. Nevertheless, the man's end of the job is still ours and is justified by our own interests. But being the Western World's watchdog isn't so simple any more. Now we don't have declared wars. The nazi-fascists have invented the new technique of "invasion from within"—

southern Brazil begin clamoring for "liberation"? Suppose Mussolini's undercover boys start a fascist movement in Argentina, where nearly sixty percent of the population is Italian by blood? What about the Italian-trained air and police forces, and the Italian-dominated banks and newspapers in Peru?

Without being an alarmist there's no

of Latin America. But to be in a position to fight tomorrow, *we've also got to fight today*. We cannot yield the trenches of normal trade and prestige throughout Latin America to Hitler and Mussolini, and hope to keep our hemisphere free.

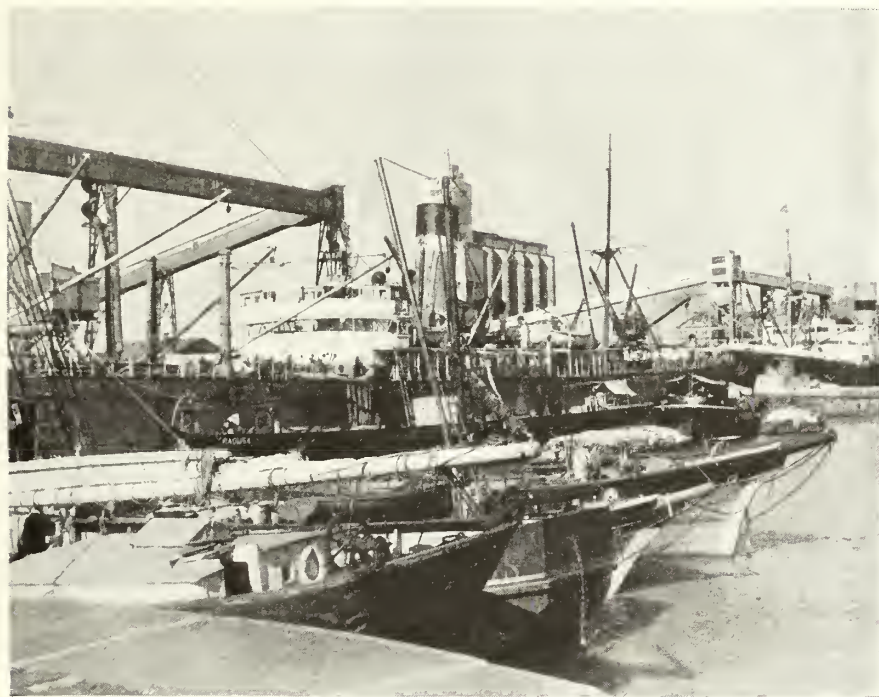
But we've got to get it **through our** heads that we're up against a tough job. My traveling companion, Bolivia's pro-nazi generalissimo, spilled a few neatly-illustrative beans. He told me sixty young Bolivians are in the Italian air force now; and forty more are taking their commissions in Hitler's army. Hereafter the German general staff will send home *twenty-five* nazified Bolivian army officers *per year*. To see what this ratio means just discount Bolivia's 3,000,000 population (which is 95 percent Indian and chiefly illiterate.) Just figure what the influence of some 300 rabid young Bolivian "nazi-fascists" will be in a country with less than 50,000 normal voters! In fact, I wonder what will happen in Bolivia if the general finally comes home loaded down with guns, experts and mazuma, all thoughtfully supplied by those gents whom Hugh Johnson has dubbed "Hit and Muss." I just wonder. And Bolivia has the richest tin mines in the world.

BUT this is merely a minor example of common nazi-fascist policy. Thousands of youths from South America are now getting militarized or "educated" in Germany and Italy. Scholarships, free steamship transportation, specially reduced living costs—all on a scale which our Government has never faintly approached. Likewise the dictator lands flood our southern neighbors with hundreds of visiting professors, who preach the glories of totalitarianism and the "putridness" of democracy. High army officers are flattered with invitations to Berlin and Rome. All the Latin American ruling classes are courted and feted.

And Uncle Sam tries to compete, with outmoded ships and a niggardly purse, with no galvanized press and no awakened public opinion. But nazi-fascist agents range throughout the continent. They buy up influential newspapers, ply business leaders with champagne, bribe politicians, spend money like drunken sailors. Prestige, propaganda and anti-democratic poison are all that matters. *Heil Hitler! Viva Il Duce!* By such tactics American automobile sales in Argentina have just been slashed to one-third while Germany's sales have jumped 1,000 percent. That's how the "Hit-and-Muss" boys get their money back. The Germans predict they'll surpass our trade in Argentina this year, and so usurp our former leadership in all of the *ABC countries.

Moreover, the real nazi-fascist offensive in Latin America has just started. As a result of the disastrous Munich deal and the Franco victory in Spain an unprecedented (Continued on page 54)

* Argentina, Brazil, Chile



From the docks at Buenos Aires ships take out wheat and beef to all quarters of the world. The Argentine Republic swarms with Italian immigrants



Where diplomats representing the Pan-American nations met recently to plan for mutual help—the impressive conference building at Lima

by means of a sub-rosa nazi organization inside Austria, or a Sudeten "autonomy" party, or an "independence" movement in Slovakia. That's how Austria and Czechoslovakia disappeared from the map. Suppose the million Germans in

dodging the fact that the idea of "the Americas for the Americans" is being more seriously challenged now than at any time since Monroe nailed the slogan to our masthead. We may have to fight tomorrow to keep Europe's dictators out

BIVOUAC *of the* DEAD

By

WILLIAM
NELSON MORELL



The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and daring few,
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

THIS verse lives in the memory of every schoolboy who has listened with rapt attention to the orators who held the stage on the occasion of reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic or the United Confederate Veterans. It is equally well known in Minnesota and Mississippi. The sons of the Blue and the Gray have been familiar with its rich intonations. The veterans of the War with Spain claimed it as their own on memorial days, and even today it is often a part of the peroration in an Armistice Day speech. It is as much a part of our military folklore as "In Flanders Fields" or "Roses of Picardy."

Many will be surprised to know that there is more than one verse to this poem and that the subject of the poem was neither the war of 1861-'65 nor that of 1898, but the Mexican War. While the poem is famous the general public is not acquainted with the name of Colonel Theodore O'Hara, who composed it.

The occasion which inspired the elegy was the reinterment at the cemetery in Frankfort, Kentucky, of his comrades who fell in the Battle of Buena Vista, that sanguinary hand-to-hand conflict in the Mexican War.

The source of the inspiration was the author's momentary reunion with these departed comrades. The first public

recitation of these immortal lines occurred at the memorial service at the Frankfort cemetery as the soil of the State of Kentucky reverently gathered her gallant sons into her martial bosom, and the echo of these poignant lines marched with them to the soldier's Valhalla. It was a noble tribute and a fitting epitaph.

It is a tradition that the poem took nebulous form as O'Hara met with some of his comrades, survivors of the war, in a tavern the night before the ceremonies incident to the reinterment. The reunion with these comrades, the conviviality and good fellowship stirred him deeply, and the recollections and memory of these battles brought words, stanzas and meter into form. He was unable to compose the poem amid the hilarity and conviviality of the tavern, so he took leave of his comrades and walked into the streets and

beyond the town up the high cliffs of the Kentucky River to the cemetery. He rested himself on the plot of ground which had been selected for the reinterment of the veterans of the Battle of Buena Vista, and in the half twilight of a somber moon he composed his immortal poem.

None other than a soldier could have found the words or caught the cadence which immortalizes this poem; only the memory, the experiences and the fleeting exaltations of a soldier could have done it.

Official records of the War Department show that O'Hara was appointed a captain of Volunteers on June 26, 1846. Based on the report of Major General Gideon J. Pillow, dated at Headquarters, 3d Division, Mixcoac, Mexico, August 24, 1847, approved by General Winfield Scott, a General Order bestowed upon



Colonel Theodore O'Hara

Captain O'Hara the rank of major by brevet for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico. O'Hara was honorably discharged from the volunteer service, October 15, 1848. He was again appointed a captain, Co. F, 2d Cavalry, March 3, 1855, and was honorably discharged on December 1, 1856.

This official record of military service does not include the adventures of O'Hara on the staff of General Narciso Lopez in the first revolution to liberate Cuba from the Spanish rule in 1850. O'Hara and other kindred spirits clandestinely organized a Kentucky regiment in this revolutionary enterprise. This group of daring and gallant youths included names which are a part of Kentucky's tradition of arms—Crittenden, Pickett, Hawkins, Logan, Ellis, Breckenridge and Stanford. Colonel O'Hara was by now a seasoned veteran of the Mexican War.

On May 15, 1850, the Kentucky unit of two hundred "insurrectos," commanded by Colonel O'Hara, and two other units of equal numbers, including contingents from Louisiana and New York, as well as Cuban, Hungarian and Polish revolutionists, concentrated off the Island of Magerers, near Yucatan. They embarked on the steamer *Creole* and started for Cuba. Four days later, early in the morning, the *Creole* glided quietly into the Port of Cardenas and successfully landed the troops, but they were immediately discovered by the Spanish soldiers in the Custom House facing the harbor. General Lopez drew up his troops in military formation and the Spanish troops were quickly arranged in battle order. General Lopez gave Colonel O'Hara the order to fire, and immediately the order was carried out. Both sides fired simultaneously, and when the smoke cleared away about one hundred Spanish soldiers and twelve revolutionists were dead or disabled. Without giv-



Sons of the Legion of Walter M. Gearty Squadron of Philadelphia reverently pay tribute to the hero dead of three wars

ing the Spanish troops time to recover, Colonel O'Hara and his Kentuckians advanced toward the Custom House. They were met with a renewed and terrific fire, and O'Hara fell, badly wounded. Major Hawkins took command of the Kentucky troops. The Spanish soldiers were then subjected to a heavy fire and soon sought a truce with General Lopez. They surrendered without further resistance. Lopez and his soldiers marched in triumph to the public square, unfurled for the first time the free flag of Cuba, announced that the Spanish rule was at an end and took possession of the town in the name of the revolutionists.

General Lopez soon found that the public would not give this small force support. A part of the troops were returned to the steamer destined for another sector, but in leaving the harbor the steamer struck a reef. In order to lighten the cargo many of the munitions of war had to be dropped overboard. This disaster and the lack of popular support, as well as the information of the advance of large bodies of Spanish troops, resulted in an order by General Lopez to embark for Key West. They reached Key West in safety, although closely pursued by the Spanish

war steamer *Pizarro*. Thus ended the first episode of the Cuban campaigns.

Later expeditions were equally disastrous. Colonel William Logan Crittenden, who served with O'Hara in the Mexican War, was on the staff of General Lopez in the second expedition, and after a gallant fight was captured and faced the Spanish firing squad. Told to kneel with his back to the firing squad, according to custom, Crittenden and his compatriot, Captain Victor Kerr, refused.

"No!" exclaimed Crittenden. "An American kneels only to his God and always faces his enemy."

O'Hara did not settle down after this experience. He was appointed a captain of cavalry in the Regular Army, but finding it too quiet, resigned. Peacetime service did not appeal to him. When Walker organized a filibustering expedition into South America, O'Hara joined up. He successively practised law, served on a diplomatic mission, and edited newspapers, including the *Mobile Register*, *Frankfort Yecoman* and *Louisville Times*. He was a hard-hitting journalist and was often at the center of political controversies.

When the dark (Continued on page 38)



The poet's grave in the cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky

EXTRA:

... IT'S RADIO OVER

By

**FAIRFAX
DOWNEY**

EYES are fixed on the second hands of synchronized watches. The whole front is silent, for the attack is to be launched without artillery preparation. Instead of familiar whistle blasts, chimes sound. Speaking in English or in French, German, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese, a voice calls, "Up and at 'em! Let's go!" or words to that effect. The Division moves forward to the assault.

Such is an American drive, 1939 model. Its assaulting battalions advance in the short waves of radio and they cover a mighty front which includes Europe, Africa, Australia and New Zealand, Greenland, South America clear to its zip, Asia, Alaska, Madagascar, and the islands of the South Pacific. Its ammunition is news, other information, and music. Considerable gains are being made by the attacking troops, the International Division of the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting Company's two short-wave stations. The N.B.C. International Division includes a number of veterans of the A. E. F., still in there fighting.

Twenty-one years ago we did it with airplanes dropping leaflets which attempted to convince Jerry of the error of his ways. Or where the lines were close, German-speaking Americans shouted invitations to cut out the shooting and come on over where treatment was good and chow plentiful. Probably the most welcome sound from the German trenches was the singing of "Holy Night, Silent Night" on Christmas Eve, 1917. Something of the sort today would make a nice change from a Hitler speech.

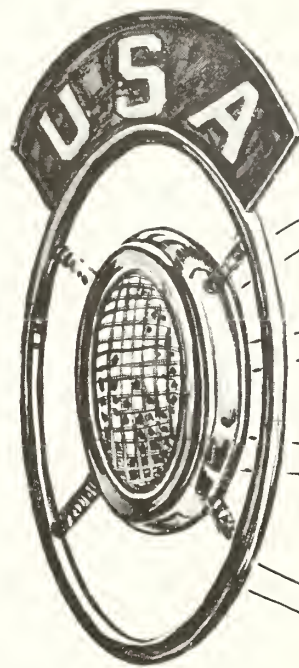
Other times, other ways. American short-wave broadcasts are a peaceful penetration. They are in the nature of an offensive operation only in that they accomplish the infiltration of news and American ideals and ideas into countries where rigid censorship does its utmost to shut them out. Also they are counter-battery fire laid down in lands where the nazi broadcasts are hot and heavy. As for the subject matter wafted over the air, its description depends on how it is regarded. What is viewpoint to us is propa-

ganda to the totalitarians and vice versa. But it never yet hurt anybody to hear both sides of a question.

The International Division of N.B.C. was established in June, 1937. The job it is doing has commercial aspects—it endeavors in part to promote the foreign trade of the United States, including the sale of radio sets. Over and above that, its broadcasts can fairly be called an instrument of good will between nations, an honest medium of understanding, of education and entertainment. It is

listeners, particularly in certain countries, are hungry for it.

The Columbia Broadcasting System's short-wave stations, W2XE and W3XAU, broadcast eighty-three hours weekly to Europe and eighty-six to Latin America, the latter in Spanish and Portuguese. While its European programs are in



Liebe Freunde und Hoerer auf der anderen Seite des Ozeans und in allen Landen! Hier sind die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika!

Buona sera, ascoltatori italiani di qua e di la dell' oceano: ecco l'America!

12 o'clock,---minutes, Eastern Standard time, 5 p.m.,---minutes, Greenwich mean time,---the English hour is on the air!

Las 5 y 1 minuto, Hora de Nueva York. La NBC, desde sus estudios en Radio City, Nueva York, saluda a sus oyentes de habla espanola en el mundo entero!

looked upon with favor in Washington, for it is performing a valuable and a patriotic service.

The N.B.C. short-wave stations W3XL and W3XAL, are daily in heavy action. Recently new antennae for South America have been added, greatly increasing effective range. An average of more than 1,000 programs a month is carried: news, travel, produce, science and industry, literature, national affairs, personalities, hobbies, women's interests, sports, music of all types. News is the backbone; it has been determined that

English, translations into German, Italian and French are to be added soon.

The trouble that began with the Tower of Babel has been smoothed out. Considering the array of tongues already mentioned as used in the broadcasts, few fans can complain, "They don't speak our language." They do—and like a

SHORT WAVE Wins!

CENSORSHIP BY A KNOCKOUT



native. Everybody in the N.B.C. International Division, even the office boys, speaks at least two languages. The eighteen men and women who are the outstanding linguists have spent a total of 325 years in foreign parts, an average of eighteen years each. They have visited 100 countries and lived five years or more in eleven of them. They know foreign idioms, customs, habits, likes and dislikes. Yet they are predominantly American—eleven of them were born here, three are naturalized citizens; there is one Swiss, one Chilean, one Argentinian and one Brazilian, each with an average residence of ten years in the United States.

The success of American short-wave broadcasts depends, of course, upon the presence of short-wave receiving sets. Of the nine million or so receiving sets in Germany, more than 50 percent are short wave, and that is a big target. Nor can the remaining sets be counted out altogether. Many of them are the cheap models, sold by the Reich at the bargain price of thirty-five marks, so that one and all may hearken to the words of Der Führer, and as they stand they are not capable of short-wave reception. However, ingenious Germans have been monkeying with them after the manner of radio fans everywhere. By adding a coil or some such gadget, they have stepped those sets up to a point where they can tune in on short-wave bands.

So they can listen—lots of them. But do they dare?

German law, so far, says it's no crime to listen to foreign broadcasts. Legal or not, it might be the part of discretion to keep the amplification down or use earphones and be sure no stormtrooper peeked in and saw where the dial was set. However, if the broadcast has contained anything derogatory to the nazi regime, the listener repeats it at his peril. If, aghast and agog, he rushes from his radio, meets a friend and demands, "*Himmel!* Have you, what the radio about Herr Goebbels has said, heard?"—if he is rash enough to do that and

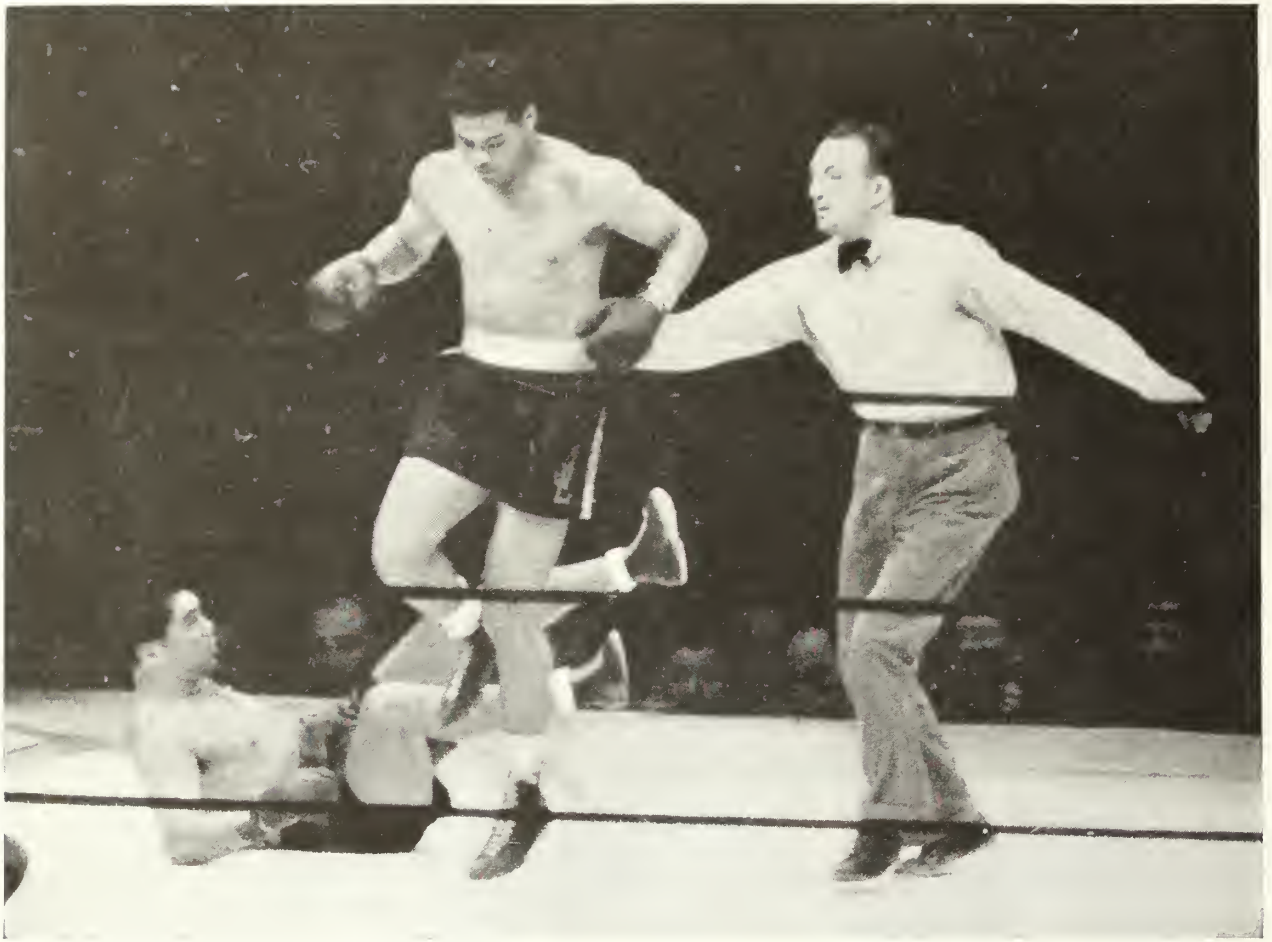
some talebearer overhears, then comes trouble, concentration camp, and so on. Yet a man's home is still to some extent his castle, at least so far as his radio is concerned, and independent, courageous and intelligent Germans are lending an ear to the short waves.

The proof of it is in letters received by the American stations. Some come direct from Germany; others bear the stamps of neighboring countries. Some are anonymous, others signed. By no means are all of them cautiously phrased. Wrote a Vienna correspondent to N.B.C.: "In contrast to other stations, your news service is objective to our needs, though too short, as we are starved for truth. For reasons which are obvious to you, I cannot express myself any further." A bold spirit in Munich declared: "As I was obliged to go to the meeting, Friday, November 11, 1938, against the Jews, I could not listen, but a friend of mine heard your call and advised me."

There is equally reliable evidence that American broadcasts are reaching Italy and Italian possessions and that they are being welcomed for their lifting of the dense fog of censorship. But in two other lands where dictatorships hold sway, defenses against short-wave news from democracies are nearly perfect. Japan prohibits ownership of short-wave receiving sets except by special permit, which is granted to only a few, mainly diplomats. Private sets are scanty in Russia; those owned by workers' clubs and the like are for the most part clamped solely on Moscow.

Now, as in 1917-'18, our bombardments can be expected to draw reprisals. Yet the nazis' short-wave batteries to date have done little shooting back. A typical broadcast directed at the U. S. will be mostly in German and consist of news and music, with a few messages specifically addressed to German-Americans who have written in. Still there were in April signs of skulduggery in the German comment distorting President Roosevelt's speeches. But in such duels we are by no means as vulnerable as the vaterland. Germany has a greater percentage of short-wave receiving sets than any other country. We have comparatively few and we are accustomed to listening to regular American high-frequency programs.

In late April, shortly before Hitler's speech to the (Continued on page 57)



BUT *can you*

BY
**ARTHUR
DONOVAN**

IN BOXING you come up the hard way or you don't come up at all. There is no such thing as riding the plush into a world's championship in any class from flyweight to heavy-weight. That's my observation in forty years' experience as spectator, fighter and boxing referee, and I think the record will bear me out that no top-notch in this game of dish-it-out-and-take-it ever came from a home of wealth. If he did he had a father far wiser than most of us poor mortals.

Within the ropes you're absolutely on your own, and the other fighter has just one thing in mind—to flatten you. The referee is there only to see that no foul blows are struck or other unfair practice put across, and his protection begins only when one of the fighters is so badly off that in the interest of safety the bout must be called off. You hear some fighters called killers, but organized boxing couldn't stand death in the ring, any more than football was able to stand it in the old five-yards days.

With fundamental ability in boxing, a boy has to have the old cave-man will to battle. You can't put that into a lad if his

ancestors didn't do it. It seems to me I've heard an old saying that puts it perfectly, "What's bred in the bone will out in the flesh." Your true champion has got to have, in addition to that will to battle, an experience of privation. By that I don't mean he has to ride the rods of a freight train or fight in dingy hide-aways for the price of a meal. I mean simply that he must have been brought up on the idea that you can't get something for nothing out of this life—that when you get a dime or a dollar you earn it.

An "allowance" doesn't go with the making of a champion. If you want your boy to scale the heights in the fight game, make him learn that. And get into his skull the Ten Commandments—just as soon as he knows his left from his right. A good many boys who would have made pugilistic history wound up behind the eight ball because, when somebody pointed out an easy way to get what wasn't theirs, they forgot Thou Shalt Not Steal.

Push that kid out among the neighborhood boys and make him stand on his own feet physically, but don't forget the

duty to God and man that can't be laughed off—whether you live in free America or in one of the countries where in their foolish presumption they think they've outlawed the Supreme Being. Build up the boy's morals and courage at the same time. Then if he doesn't make the grade in boxing you'll at least have a real man. And you'll have your alibi so far as the fight game goes. It will be his mother's family that's to blame.

I love boxing because it does build courage—and poise and self assurance and a good carriage. You can't be a slouch and make the grade inside those ropes. I was trading punches with gloves on my hands as soon as I could walk, because my father, a veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War, was so thoroughly sold on the Manly Art that he became a professional fighter a year after Appo-



Unique ending of an unusual lightweight championship fight, with Referee Donovan pulling back into the ring Mike Belloise, loser, leaving the winner, Joey Archibald, to get back himself. On opposite page, Joe Louis waved to a neutral corner by Donovan after his K. O. of Max Schmeling in the first round of their second fight

mattox. From that time until 1880 he was considered the world's foremost middleweight bare knuckle fighter, under the old London Prize Ring rules. In 1880 the New York Athletic Club made him its boxing instructor, and from that year until 1914, when he was retired on a pension, he taught hundreds of business men how to box. One of them became President of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt had a warm spot in his heart for old Mike Donovan.

In 1917 my father came out of retirement to recruit men for the National Guard, promising a good many of them in return that he'd give them instruction in boxing. He was seventy-four years old at the time, but that didn't stop him from putting on the gloves, and one night when he was battling in an armory exhibition he caught pneumonia. He died, I like to think, in line of duty the same as those of my comrades of the Twenty-Seventh Division who lie beneath crosses in France and Belgium.

I was a professional fighter from 1910 to 1916, when I joined the National Guard for service at the Border. I had been made assistant boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club in 1915. After the war I went back to my father's old club as instructor. I've been a boxing referee since 1925 and have been lucky enough to handle seven heavyweight championship fights in those fourteen years and many championship battles of lighter weights.

Youngsters that I meet never think of me as a boxer, unless they happen to belong to N. Y. A. C. families. So some of them ask me how they can become referees. You know that there are kids that would like to become major league umpires, while most youngsters are interested in becoming a second Babe Ruth or another Carl Hubbell. So they ask me how to become the third man in the ring.

The answer to that is easy. The way to do it is to become a boxer. The referee has to be familiar with the science of boxing, has got to be able to anticipate the fighters' moves, to see everything that is going on between them. And by the way, when your loud speaker is carrying to you the action of a fight, the commentator hasn't got a chance of recording all the blows that are struck. Not only is boxing lightning fast—the men in the ring are constantly moving about and hitting as they go (Continued on page 44)

TAKE IT ?



Tony Galento, who will face Joe Louis in June, scores a knockdown over Nathan Mann

CAJUN COUNTRY

BY
FREDERICK
C. PAINTON

IN A comfortable suite of offices on St. Charles Street, in the heart of romantic, colorful New Orleans, your roving correspondent had the misfortune to engage in a bang-up argument with two tough-minded Louisianians named Louis D. McCormick and Roland Cocreham. This McCormick gent is the Department Commander of the Louisiana American Legion; and he is big and brawny, white-haired and genial—but he has a jaw like a battleship prow. The Cocreham who is Department Adjutant is also big, also charming, and as set in his ways as any man with such a Scotch-Irish name can be. I was behind the eight ball at once.

The argument was this: Should I be permitted to remain quietly in New Orleans and get a story on the top-flight Louisiana Department, or should I permit them to traipse me three hundred miles around Cajun country on what they called an inspection trip?

Now, on my side were a lot of sizeable facts: In New Orleans at the Cabildo you can get rich, interesting information about Jean Lafitte and his pirate gang—grist for the mill of any writing gent. In this very St. Charles Street office I could get illuminating data about Louisiana's remarkable membership record, some unusual slants on her service work, and finally look into the facts behind the amazingly large number of school awards the Department has distributed.

Against this the McCormick and the Cocreham put their size, their vocal accomplishments, and finally the statement that, as far as they knew, Louisiana was the only Department to inspect Posts and their records and rate them accordingly, and if I was going to write about Louisiana I certainly ought to write about the post inspection service.



The hundreds-of-years-old Evangeline Oak at St. Martinville, Louisiana, with a modern Evangeline in the costume of Longfellow's heroine

"Besides," concluded Louis with finality, "how are you going to interview me, Roland and Linden Dalferes, our Service Officer, if we're gone on this trip?"

"Also," said Roland, "we've got Legionnaires, and active ones, who can tell you more real history than you can dig up in the Cabildo. Old Doc Ballowe can make your hair curl—what you got left of it—and Judge Simon will tell you facts that ought to be in an encyclopedia."

"If you want to hear about my correspondence school for Service Officers," said Monsieur Dalferes, who up to this time had had no part in the argument,

"you'd better put on your coat and hat."

They whetted my curiosity, particularly about the inspection service, and the correspondence school for Service Officers; because the chief idea of an inquiring reporter going into Louisiana, or any other Department, is to get original, distinctive ideas of Legion service and pass them on to other Departments in these articles. If, also, I could get richer local color than Jean Lafitte and his pirate gang, then this would be a memorable trip. I surrendered. And it was a memorable trip; and if in what follows I seem to mix history and Legion narrative in scrambled fashion, it is because the episodes happened in about that order.

Anyway, as we sped west I inquired further about this post inspection service. Roland handed me an inspection chart that was a foot and a half long and filled with fine type. You can get some idea of the number of items when I tell you that a perfect Post could score 1,250 points with an average of 25 points per item. And yet, divided into such groups as post organization, membership, Americanism, community service, miscellaneous, it covered every activity that a Post could engage in from proper opening and closing of meetings to an official post visit to a Veterans Facility. Bluntly I demanded to know what results were obtained.

"Excellent," said Roland Cocreham. "It keeps the Posts on their toes. They want a good inspection report just the same as a military company would. You wait and see."

"Excellent," said Roland Cocreham. "It keeps the Posts on their toes. They want a good inspection report just the same as a military company would. You wait and see."

Now, as it happened, I got a glimpse of this inspection service at a town called Bogalusa. Here was a typical example of a Post suddenly electrified and put to



On active service to all Louisiana, Department Commander Louis D. McCormick, Service Officer Linden Dalferes and Department Adjutant Roland Coreham

hustling by new, energetic leadership (somebody ought to write a story about the leadership qualities suddenly uncovered in a veteran elected to office in his Post.) They had, these officers, a dozen things on the fire, a good post treasury, and were feeding noon-day lunches to some four hundred school children. But they were opening and closing the post meeting without the ritual. Both Louis McCormick and Roland went to bat about that, and I heard plenty about the dignity and beauty and impressiveness of the ritual. But we left there with the Post Commander's promise to begin using it at the next meeting.

Now, to show you how sharply matters are contrasted in Louisiana just imagine a pleasant ten-mile ride under massive live oaks festooned with the gray beards of Spanish moss, and at the end of that ride the robust, courtly Doctor Hewitt Ballowe, known throughout most of Louisiana as *Ti Docteur*, and one of the greatest living authorities on Cajun lore. Doc comes from down Buras way, and he is a Forty-and-Eighter (wearing the cap when I met him) and a member of the Dimitry C. Vdacovich Post. Give him time and he'll relate how he is the only medical officer who commanded and trained troops for service in France at Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Give him a cigar and a

Dignified and distinctive, the state capitol in its beautiful grounds at Baton Rouge dominates the fertile surrounding countryside



receptive audience and he will relate some of the Cajun lore he's picked up after thirty-five years of physicking them.

He told me about the voodoo rites among southern Louisiana Negroes, rites which are probably closer to Haitian voodooism than anything else in the world.

"They have a healer, a *remède-maker*," he said, his eyes suddenly sparkling, his body vibrating with the excitement of the true storyteller, "and the *remède-maker* can stop the flow of blood. I have seen it. At a ball game, one afternoon, a boy was struck across the forehead by a flying bat. Blood spurted from a four-inch cut. I sprang from my place to give first aid, but a *remède-maker* was ahead of me. Swiftly he spat on his thumbs, pressed them firmly against the cut. The blood ceased to flow even as I watched.

"I said to the *remède-maker*, 'You put spit on your thumbs and now the cut will be infected.'

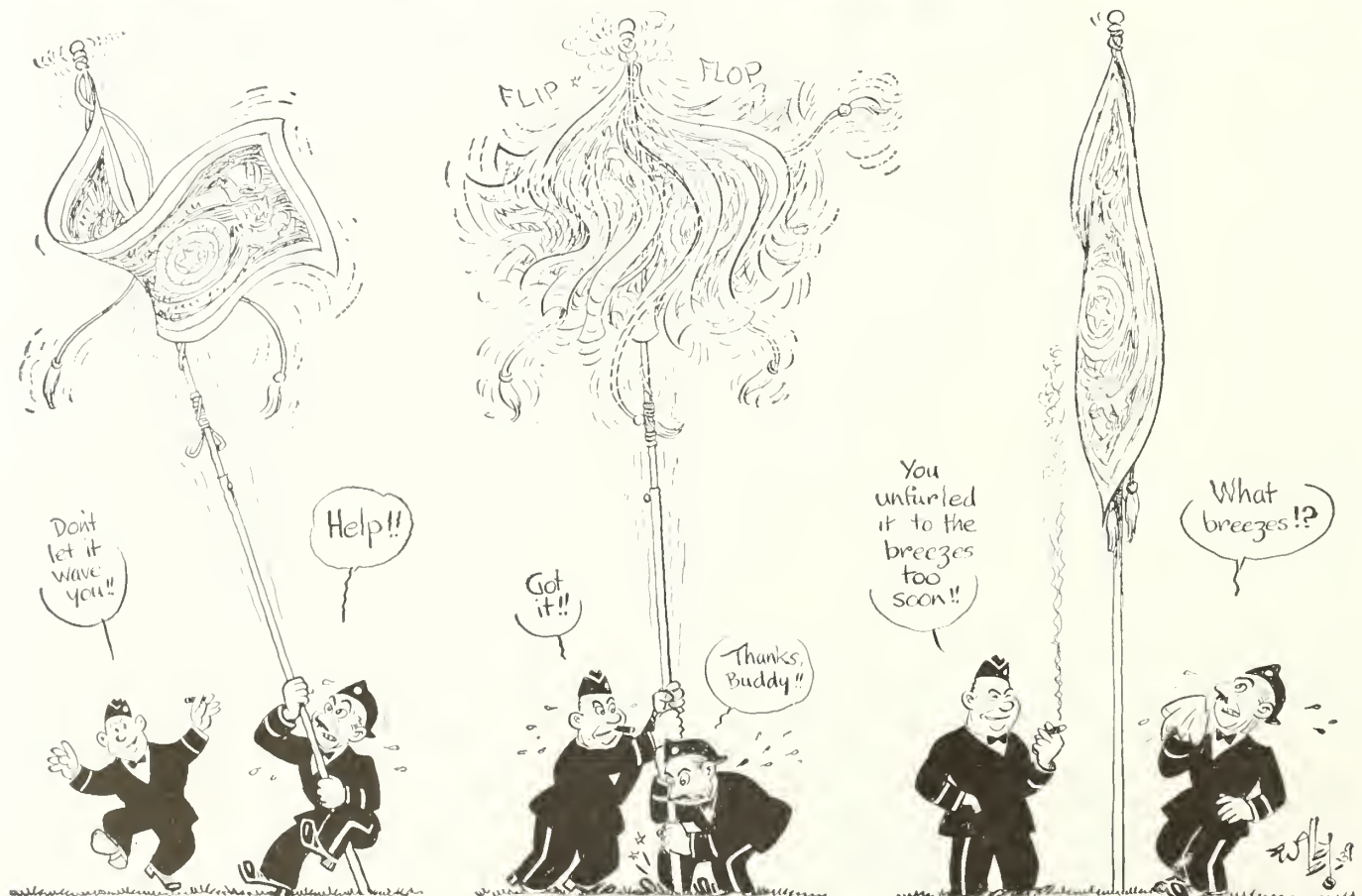
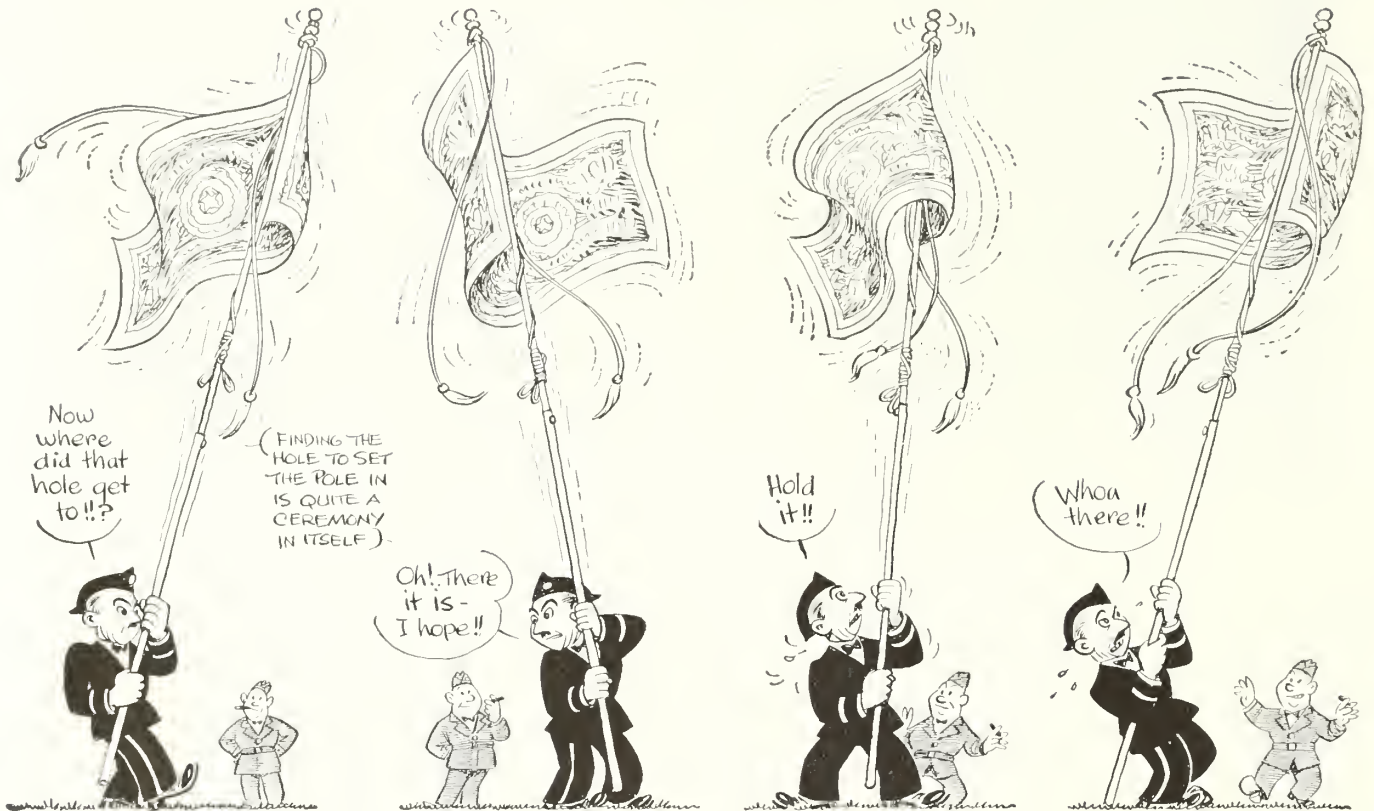
"He gave me a queer, quick look. '*Non, non, M'sieur Ti Docteur*, there will be no infection.'

"Nor was there any. I sewed up the cut and it healed perfectly. Not so long ago a friend of mine, Dr. Matas, had a dangerous operation to perform, and warned the parents of the lad that there was peril of a hemorrhage. The family did not object, asking only that a friend be permitted to look on. This was agreed to.

"Now, this friend, mind you, was a substitute, a proxy, a stand-in for a *remède-maker* who could not himself be (Continued on page 50)

STEADY ALL!

A Reminder for June Fourteenth
By Wallgren



ON THIS MEMORIAL DAY

THE United States again celebrates Memorial Day at peace with all Nations. This though there exists a tension in Europe which suggests the threat of another world-wide conflagration; this though the cauldron still seethes in China. It is with this age-old background of continuing fear and hatred abroad that we recall formally the sacrifices of those men who gave this nation birth, of those whose lives were sacrificed to make it one nation united and of those of our comrades of 1917-'18 who gave the last full measure of devotion that those of us who were privileged to live might live in freedom, and hope to transmit it to posterity.

It has become the custom since the rise of dictator governments abroad to say that the World War was fought in vain; that the things which prompted us to our great World War endeavor may yet be lost to the ideals of the peoples of the Old World. This is of course a counsel of despair which arises from contemplation of the successive shocks administered to the lesser European states by the totalitarian chancellors as their answer to the suggestions of "appeasement" and requested declarations of "non-aggression." Democratic nations are traditionally loath to fight and the dictator leaders, upon whose will there is no check, who decide their countries' borders, have taken full advantage of the "no more war" revulsion which every European who lived through the last war feels so strongly. The dictator, relying upon the existence of that feeling in those nations where it can be expressed freely, has blithely taken his pitcher and gone to the well on several occasions, gambling that each time the trip could be made without a smash-up.

THROUGHOUT the years that this process has been going on, Americans, a homogeneous people, yet a people composed of every racial strain and with every religious concept, have continued to be a democratic people with a representative form of government, enjoying domestic peace and at peace with all other nations of the world. When we contemplate this, we know that our comrades did not die in vain. Their sacrifice made a deep and lasting impression upon the whole American people, who resolved that never again would the United States fight except for strictly American interests and principles. They have further resolved that this nation must always be ready for war, if it would stay out of war and preserve its values for the American people.

The American Legion has taken a leading part in the job of directing American thought, of providing for this country a realistic defense, built in the spirit and minds of free men and supported by adequate matériel. These defenses are an insurance policy of continued peace for

our beloved land and the sacrifice of precious American lives was, as it now appears, a necessary first payment on that policy and was further necessary to an appreciation on the part of America of its real strength. Truly our comrades of the World War who made the supreme sacrifice died that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.

WHILE the United States and the other nations of the Western Hemisphere could ignore the old world and live in a self-contained economy of peace and plenty, it is not the desire of the American people to do so. We want to trade with all nations upon a friendly basis. We want all peoples to enjoy the freedom, the happiness and the tolerance which have characterized America and which we believe have made it great. With a strong defense establishment, we can by the success of our example afford to other peoples the opportunity to admire the advantages of the American way. Ours is a great nation. It has a dignity to maintain. As we see the nations of the old world again threaten the world's peace, we have a right in a friendly spirit toward all nations, to call their attention to the advantages of the way of reason rather than to encourage, by silence, the way to war.

As we go that far to keep faith with those who died, it need not be implied that we are going farther, for the struggle of the conflicting ideas, the fight of the boundary lines of the Old World, the racial hates and the successive waves of intolerance which there exist have been a fertile breeder of war for more than three thousand years. It was to avoid them that our fathers were prompted to their movement to, and occupation of, the American continents. It was to preserve the freedoms here established that we entered the service in 1917-'18, and it was for that primary purpose that our comrades died.

Who can say while America lives, while its people enjoy freedom of speech, the press, assembly, petition and freedom of conscience, that either our effort or the death of our comrades was in vain?

Today we are strong. We can survive the shock of war in the Old World and we can keep out of it, but we want peace not only for ourselves, but for all nations. We are convinced that war settles nothing. The wrangling of a conference table is preferable by far to the killing of even one human being. And any move from whatever quarter seeking to substitute reason and negotiation for a trial at arms will ever be given the heart-felt coöperation of the American nation and its people. Those men who persuade the statesmen of various countries to accept such procedure will assure for themselves a place in history. And the people of all lands and even to remote generations will rise up and call them blessed.

The Last GOOD-BYE

BY
THOMAS
J. MALONE

Illustration by
KENNETH F. CAMP



HAPPILY, a good percentage of all veterans admitted for treatment to Veterans Administration hospitals or given domiciliary care recover wholly or in part. They return to their homes and, fully or to a lesser extent, to normal pursuits. Some remain under treatment indefinitely. Some die in hospital. For every sixteen persons who were patients at any time in the last fiscal year there was a death, in hospital, within the year.

Consideration of the Federal Government for the veteran—soldier, sailor, marine—who dies in any of its hospitals continues to the grave, for it offers provision for his burial. While the general terms are the same everywhere, the method of carrying them out may differ in different institutions.

In the Veterans Administration Facility in our town, a woman member of the staff—informed, experienced, resourceful, sympathetic—fills the singular role of a major-domo of burial arrangements. In the field peculiarly hers, she acts as go-between for entitled relatives or friends, when present at a veteran's death, in their relations with the Facility. It is part of her duty to assist and instruct as to eligibility to benefits under the statutes.

In her are coördinated, centralized, the services of various divisions within the Facility having to do with burial allowance, transportation, arrangements

for contract burials, applications for compensation and other benefits. She makes herself generally useful to bereaved folk in need of sympathetic help and direction, becomes the one on whom they can lean. In her small office, shut away from strange faces and the confusion of many people, a widow, mother, sister can have a little cry and be the better for it.

In a contract funeral, with which this manager of burials is chiefly engaged, she oversees every detail of arrangements. When interment is made here, and there are no kin or friends present, she attends the services and goes to the grave as chief mourner, representing the manager of the Facility. From all this you will gather that the Facility in our town puts "heart" into its last farewell to the veteran. It does so by having one employe devote her whole interest to the assignment.

Let her explain her duties and the procedure in a typical contract burial:

"When a beneficiary dies in this Facility, the ward surgeon or the officer of the day at once notifies the nearest relative personally or by telegram, asking for instructions. My duties begin, ordinarily, when the death takes place in regular office hours and there is an entitled relative or friend present. If the death takes place at night or on a Sunday or holiday, there is other provision for urgent service—as when the relative is leaving the city at once—but many such cases are referred to me the next day. In office hours I usually learn of a death within a few minutes.

"In what I do thereafter I have a number of 'bosses,' for I act as agent for the supply, adjudication, contact and medical divisions. Instead of requiring a relative to go around to those divisions, as



**She can have a little cry
without a lot of people
knowing all about it**

was necessary before the centralized service was set up some few years ago, she comes to my office. Or a ward surgeon may telephone me that there is a woman up in his ward crying and at sea; and then I go up and get her. I don't stand on ceremony; I try to be helpful.

"I explain to her, first of all, the provisions of the government contract burial and, if burial is not to be made

locally, the entitlement of transportation of the body. It comes as a surprise to many to be told that the Government will provide an amount—not to exceed \$100—toward burial expenses of any veteran who dies while a patient in a government hospital and, in addition, will pay transportation cost to his place of residence. Burial can be made at

government expense in a local cemetery or in the nearest national cemetery.

"If a contract burial is chosen, one to be conducted by a local undertaker who has a contract with the Government, then my work really begins. If the non-contract burial is preferred, in which the relative deals with a private undertaker, I can't help much but I can do something. The contract burial may be a local one, or one outside the city and so calling for shipment. My full service is with the local contract burial. Here it is:

"The Facility lets a contract each year, on bids, to an undertaker at a flat sum for all contract burials from the institution in a twelve-month period. The cost may not exceed (*Continued on page 42*)



WATCHTOWERS

PREPARATION of our young people, for the duties and obligations of citizenship under our democratic form of government is the first and paramount concern of our educational system, beginning with the kindergarten and continuing on through the grades to the colleges and universities. The theory of educating for citizenship has nothing of novelty about it; it is a theory as old as our somewhat complicated system of public education. But in recent years more and more stress has been put upon the privileges and advantages of our way of life and government because of the addled state of world affairs, and peoples increasingly confused by the false lure of the more glamorous and dynamic authoritarian and totalitarian ideologies.

Educating for citizenship is also a vital concern of The American Legion, continuing a program that was inaugurated before the newly-fledged organization had shed its swaddling clothes and which has been carried on unremittingly down through the years. One of the outstanding milestones in this program was the establishment of National Education Week, which was first ob-



served in 1921 and which, in conjunction with and cooperation with the National Education Association and the United States Office of Education has been continued each year. During that week parents, teachers and pupils unite in the consideration of the fundamental problems of the schools as a builder of citizenship in a practical way. The 1939 observance of American Education Week will be November 5th to 11th, and it is significant that the theme selected for thoughtful discussion is "Education for the American Way of Life."

The Legion is

Citizens of Portland, Oregon, jam-packed the great Auditorium when on Washington's birthday the Americanization Council held its eighteenth annual reception to honor newly naturalized citizens. Below, certificate which is given by the Schenectady County Council to new citizens who attend the welcome meeting held annually at Schenectady, New York—a splendid idea for adoption by other Legion Posts. On opposite page, naturalization ceremony in the Cumberland County, New Jersey, court when graduates of the Legion school got their final papers

Certificate of Attendance

This is to certify that,

as a newly naturalized citizen of the United States of America, attended the Annual Program, March 9th, 1939, held at the Not Terrace High School, Schenectady, N. Y., welcoming the new citizens of Schenectady County, naturalized during the period of March 1, 1938, to March 1, 1939.

As an active participant in this momentous occasion, you have proved that you value the rights and privileges bestowed upon you, and are willing to share the responsibilities and obligations of American democracy.

Attested this 9th day of March, 1939



Chairman

Secretary



concerned not only with the youth, but has gone further into the field of adult education, with especial attention to the schooling and preparation of aliens who have signified their intention to become naturalized citizens. These Legion schools, dotted here and there like watchtowers throughout the entire country, have carried on a most important work during an almost full score of years and thousands of their graduates are today enjoying the rights of full citizenship. Many of the schools have been carried on singly as the special project of a Post and Unit, others have joined with other organizations and with schools, but in every case the motivating purpose has been the same—to educate for citizenship and the American way of life.

In contrast to the widely heralded and much publicized un-American and anti-American meetings held in various parts of the country by groups alien in thought and purpose to democracy, and who pay allegiance—at least in a noisy lip-service—to theories of government abhorrent to every person who believes in the rights of



honor 1,247 newly-made citizens, the largest number ever naturalized in Oregon in any year. These men and women who assumed full citizenship during 1938 came from thirty-five countries.

The great meeting was held under the sponsorship of the Portland Americanization Council and was the eighteenth annual reception to new citizens held by that organization. The Council is composed of a number of member organizations, including every Legion Post and

tioning at Schenectady, New York, which since 1920 has been under the direction of the Schenectady County Committee of the Legion. "It is considered the duty of the Americanism Chairman of the County Committee," writes Chairman Raymond C. Willey, "to initiate this program each year. The 1939 welcome meeting had a capacity audience of five hundred, with approximately one hundred and fifty new citizens present, or sixty percent of the total naturalized. A certificate of attendance at the welcome meeting was given this year for the first time, and it proved an added incentive to attendance.

"The committee personnel was divided," he continues, "about equally between Legionnaires and members of other civic groups. The teamwork was of the highest order, indicating that The American Legion in Schenectady can lead the work with other civic-minded groups in the most complete harmony."

In Boston, Massachusetts, the men and women with the foreign accent are no longer to stand without an audience as

of AMERICANISM



the individual, attention has been more sharply focused on *American* meetings held in honor of newly naturalized citizens, hundreds of them graduates of Legion schools.

Portland, Oregon, furnished a striking example when on Washington's birthday the great City Auditorium was jam-packed by Oregonians who turned out to

Auxiliary Unit in the area. Its President is Myer C. Rubin, Finance Officer of Willamette Heights Post, and the Chairman of the reception meeting was General Creed C. Hammond, of Portland Post. The Americanization Council work is a recognized part of the Legion activity in the Portland area.

A similar organization has been func-

tioning at Schenectady, New York, which since 1920 has been under the direction of the Schenectady County Committee of the Legion. "It is considered the duty of the Americanism Chairman of the County Committee," writes Chairman Raymond C. Willey, "to initiate this program each year. The 1939 welcome meeting had a capacity audience of five hundred, with approximately one hundred and fifty new citizens present, or sixty percent of the total naturalized. A certificate of attendance at the welcome meeting was given this year for the first time, and it proved an added incentive to attendance.

bands move to become American citizens and inheritors of the land of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The Department organization of the Auxiliary believed that the bestowal of citizenship should be made a more dignified occasion, and with the coöperation of Immigration Commissioner Mary Ward arrangements were made to hold a reception for the two hundred and eighty persons who made up the April naturalization class. Department President Susan T. Esler, assisted by Miss Adelaide L. Fitzgerald, Department Secretary, and Miss Grace Murphy, Chairman of the Americanization Committee, directed the first welcome and reception. On the lapel of each new citizen was pinned a little American flag with a gold ribbon which bore the inscription: "Citizenship Day—Welcome, new citizen. Sponsored by The American Legion Auxiliary of Massachusetts."

Then, there comes a report of a long-continued and highly successful naturalization school and reception activity carried on by Theodore Roosevelt Post of Vineland, New Jersey, so outstanding that it has received the official commendation of both the Court and the Naturalization Bureau. Post Commander Roy Heritage writes: "In 1926 Post Commander Robert Mennies appointed a committee to conduct an Americanization school for aliens in our community. From this endeavor, a naturalization school was organized which has been conducted twice each year, just before the spring and fall terms of the Cumberland County Common Pleas Court. The school is held one night each week for a period of ten weeks just before the naturalization court sessions, which usually fall on the third Monday in April and November of each year.

"In ten years of operation of this



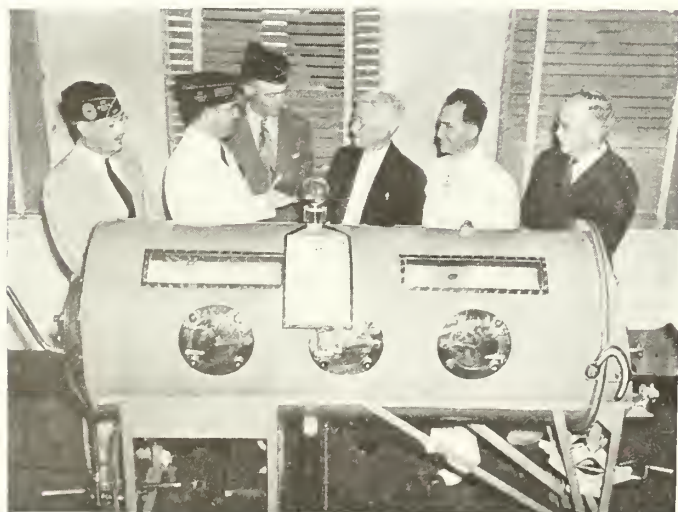
Community service plus! Members of F. D. and I. S. Clair Post, Philadelphia, Pa., present two iron lungs to hospitals in their area. Now the plan is to provide a respirator for every Philadelphia hospital



Above, an oxygen tent purchased for community use by the members of Lee Graham-Howland Post, Howland, Maine. At left, another presentation — Harvey Seeds Post, Miami, Florida, joins the ranks of iron lungers in this presentation ceremony

also prepares the formal application and follows through to a successful conclusion. So highly is our Post and its school esteemed by the court that at each naturalization session an outstanding Legion speaker addresses the successful candidates and presents them with their naturalization papers. Present also at the ceremony are Post members with their colors as shown in the accompanying picture."

Just to show that the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard Departments do not have a monopoly on this very splendid Americanization activity, the Step Keeper calls your attention to some of the inland activities. One of the first is the citizenship school which was put in operation nearly four years ago by Silver Bow Post at Butte, Montana, and in which approximately four hundred students have completed the courses leading to the final step in becoming American citizens. Now, Butte has something of a problem, but a no greater one than that facing any similar school in any great industrial area. As a mining center, Butte attracts a large number of foreign-born workers, many of whom were handicapped by lack of education. Sensing a need to give



school by Theodore Roosevelt Post considerably more than four hundred candidates have received their naturalization papers and become good citizens. The work has for the past five years been under the direction of Past Commander Frank Franceschi, John Lowe, Harry Hoyte and Frank Marino, and this committee and the school staff not only instructs the candidates in the class work, but



Rochester (New Hampshire) Post celebrates Legion's birthday by burning the mortgage on its fine club home

important in its field and is doing a remarkably fine job, is that at Aberdeen, South Dakota, which was organized on July 6, 1938, conducted as a cooperative effort by Calvin J. Aisenbrey under the sponsorship of Sidney L. Smith Post, its Auxiliary Unit and the Women's Relief Corps, with the endorsement of Circuit Judge Van Buren Perry. This school has forty-one students enrolled, representing nine foreign countries, all ap-

plicants for citizenship, and ranging in ages from twenty-one to eighty. As a footnote to democracy, among them is a man whose sons fought for Germany in the World War.

Legion Life Savers

IT IS just as worthy to save a life by means of a mechanical appliance as it is to snatch a person from the path of a speeding car, but it is not as heroic and sensational. It does not make the headlines. Therefore one phase of the true community service of Legion Posts and affiliated bodies goes on week after week without much notice from the general public—and to individuals only in time of need; then it becomes tremendously im-

portant. That is the hospital assistance program.

Dozens of hospitals throughout the country have been equipped with the very latest type of life saving appliances, iron lungs, oxygen tents, and other equipment, each piece having the potentialities of saving many lives. The Step Keeper has noted the presentation of an oxygen tent to the Community Hospital at Wray, Colorado, by Johnny Hines Post as its outstanding community service for 1939. This Post has forty-four members, and the necessary financial outlay for the equipment represents something of an effort. The tent will be available to the public without charge.

Then there is Lee Graham-Howland Post, of Howland, Maine, which has purchased an oxygen tent for community use



and placed it in the charge of Dr. Hugh G. McKay, Post Service Officer. It will service the public in several towns, free of all charges, where no hospital facilities are available. This Post furnishes a concrete example of what may be accomplished by a small group committed whole-heartedly to unselfish service to its community. (Continued on page 55)

real assistance to these new residents. Silver Bow Post organized the citizenship school to provide a means of imparting to them basic American truths, and training in reading and writing.

Upon completion of the course, students are given certificates of graduation. In addition to class work which is given by competent instructors, another group of more advanced students receives lessons by the correspondence school method. The complete follow-through of the Legion effort is indicated by the fact that a social club open to graduates has been organized. Regularly scheduled meetings of the club provide occasions for programs that include dances, music and singing.

A newer school, but one that is no less



A birthday party held in a theater two hundred and fifty feet underground was the unusual privilege of Eveleth (Minnesota) Post. Any one know of a submarine or airplane meet?



The FIRST FIRST CALL



THE Secretary of War is hereby authorized to maintain, upon military reservations or elsewhere, camps for the military instruction and training of such citizens as may be selected for such instruction and training, upon their application and under such terms of enlistment and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of War; to use . . . such arms, ammunition, accoutrements, equipments, tentage, field equipage, and transportation belonging to the United States as he may deem necessary; to furnish . . . uniforms, subsistence, transportation and medical supplies . . . to fix the periods during which such camps shall be maintained; and to employ thereat officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army in such numbers and upon such duties as he may designate."

That excerpt from a Federal law might at the outset sound like authorization for the opening of the training camps for officers which followed closely the declaration of war on April 6, 1917. It is, however, quoted from Section 54 of the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, which provided for the military training of civilians almost a year before we entered the war. It was a preparedness movement that developed from the students' military training camps held in 1913 and 1914, and the similar camps for business men conducted during the

When the First Officers Training Camp opened at Plattsburg Barracks, New York, May 15, 1917, Bugler Stephen J. Plowkio, right, blew the very first Reveille. At top, students of the camp learn the fine art of trench construction. Below, a few of the men of Troop I, 2d Cavalry, Plowkio's outfit, on a hike





summer of 1915, which had been inspired by Major General Leonard Wood while Chief of Staff and, later, Commander of the Eastern Department of the Army. Because one of the largest and most successful camps of 1915 had been held at Plattsburg Barracks, New York, the aroused interest in national defense became known as the Plattsburg Movement. Under this provision of the law were held the great officers' camps of 1917 from which came most of our junior line officers for the war.

While this department sometimes feels like shying away from "first" claims, we offer one, in connection with the foregoing, that seems to be fully substantiated—in fact, we offer two, and both from the same Legionnaire. He is Stephen J. Plowkio of Crescent Post, Yonkers, New York, where he lives at 897 Nepperhan Avenue and is a member of the city's Fire Department. With a splendid collection of snapshots, he sent this challenge:

"Never having had the pleasure of sounding off in Then and Now, may I take the liberty of chirping about my two famous 'firsts'—just to start something.

"I enlisted in Troop I, 2d U. S. Cavalry, in 1915, and remained in service until 1920. I claim, while a member of that troop, to be the bugler who sounded the very first call for the First Officers Training Camp held in Plattsburg Barracks, New York, for the World War. The enclosed clipping from a New York City newspaper under date of May 15, 1917, should be proof of my claim.

"The other 'first' I claim is that I was the first American soldier to do a 'Watch on the Rhine,' when the Third Army or, better-known, Army of Occupation entered the American sector of the Rhineland.

"Here is how I happened to blow the first Reveille for the Officers Training Camp: Troop I, 2d Cavalry, relieved the 30th Infantry at Plattsburg Barracks in 1916. Our troop commander was Captain J. A. Baer. We spent the winter of 1916 at Plattsburg, alone taking care of the post. I was a bugler.

"The O. T. Camp opened on May 15, 1917, and as a bugler I was doing guard and orderly work at Headquarters. The distinction of blowing that first call rested between me and another bugler.

I happened to be the bugler on guard that morning, so blew the first call that started the Camp.

"We also loaned our horses to the student officers for drill. More Regular outfits came into Plattsburg later, but during our stay Troop I did guard and kept the post in order. We left Plattsburg in the fall of 1917 for Ethan Allen, Vermont, our regular post and left there for overseas on the *Martha Washington* on March 17, 1918, arriving at Bordeaux, France on April 6, 1918—just a year after we got into the war.

"Arriving without horses, we were eager to get mounted again. We boarded trains and detrained near Verdun on April 15th and remained until the 30th. While there we got horses and were assigned as divisional cavalry of the 2d Division. Then we were sent to a remount station at Selles-sur-Cher, took care of the station most of the summer, and we groomed aplenty—but it was all part of our job.

west of Verdun with the First Army, September 26th, when the Meuse-Argonne Offensive started. We participated in all succeeding offensives of the First Army until the Armistice. If anyone thinks American cavalry didn't see action in the war, I can report that our regiment is authorized to wear battle streamers on its lance for participation in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne actions, and a private of Troop D was awarded the D. S. C. Troop I is entitled to five bars on its Victory Medal.

"We served as advance cavalry for the 2d Division, Third Army Corps, Third Army (Army of Occupation) during the progress across Belgium, Luxembourg and into Germany and were the first troops to reach the Rhine, arriving December 8, 1918, on the east bank. We reached Remagen on the 9th and because of disorder in the town due to some young Germans protesting the display of the Stars and Stripes by a tavern keeper, a guard detail was picked to patrol the town. I was a member of that detail and was on duty until 8 o'clock P.M. of the 9th. One of my prized souvenirs is the original order that our captain, S. H. Sherrill, sent to the burgomeister of Remagen regarding the obedience to Army regulations that had been handed him.

"The pictures I enclose show some of the student officers engaged in trench digging at Plattsburg, one of me and my trusty bugle at the same place during 1917, and the third is a group of men of my troop, including Irby, England, Seitz and Hayden, while on a hike. I certainly would like to have letters from some of the old gang of leather-pushers."

The clipping Comrade Plowkio submitted follows:

AWKWARD SQUADS LEARN A B C'S OF SOLDIER'S TRADE

5000 Rookie Officers Begin Training in Camp at Plattsburg Forty Men Sent Home; Failed to Meet Requirements; Course May End in Two Months

PLATTSBURG, May 15—Stephen Joseph Plowkio, trumpeter, Troop I, 2d United States Cavalry, sent the

first call for Reveille wailing across the parade ground at Plattsburg Barracks at 5:30 o'clock this morning. Fifteen minutes later he sounded "assembly" and held the last note extra long, for the soldier must be out of bed, dressed and in line for roll-call by the time



A French cross and an American memorial slab marked the dugout in the Rouge Bouquet Woods in which twenty-one American soldiers lost their lives on March 7, 1918

"Our troop was then assigned as corps cavalry of the Third Army Corps at Fismes and on the Vesle, doing mounted patrol work at the front from August 2d to September 10th, when we were again in the Verdun area. Then to north-

the bugle drops from the musician's hand. The old bugler's benevolence was lost on a good many of the 5,000 apprentice soldiers to whom it was addressed, however, for the camp had been astir ever since the sun had first peered over snow-jacketed Mount Mansfield, across Champlain. The night had been cold and the summer-weight blankets too thin, and the gale from the mountains brought feathery flurries of snow.

Not a man was late in ranks to answer "Here," by which simple ceremony the training camp for army officers—the world's greatest—became an officially accomplished fact.

THE story, "Rouge Bouquet—from the Depths," in the January issue, in which one of the survivors told of the tragic entombment of twenty-one of his comrades of the 165th Infantry when an enemy shell collapsed a dugout in the wood of that name on March 7, 1918, brought poignant memories to Legionnaire Steve Ahearn. Comrade Ahearn, a member of Wilbert E. Collyer Post of



South Ozone Park, New York, whose home is at 6701 Forest Avenue, Ridgewood, New York, is a brother of one of the men who lost their lives in that fatal imprisonment. With the picture of the grave marker that is shown on the preceding page, this letter came from him:

"I read with keen interest A. S. Helmer's article in the January issue, and in endeavoring to give some further data without any intention of encroaching upon Mr. Helmer's gripping story, I am enclosing some snapshot prints of the fatal though memorable dugout at Rouge Bouquet in the Forest of Parroy in which twenty-one fighting men of Company E and one of Company F, 165th Infantry—the old New York 60th—gave their lives.

"The pictures were taken in July, 1919, by me, a brother of Private Michael Ahearn, one of the entombed soldiers. I was determined, from the time I learned my brother had been killed, that before coming home, should I survive the war, I would locate that fatal but sacred spot, pay reverence to it, place flowers and, if possible, take pictures.

"In some of the pictures is shown a

marble marker which was placed on the sunken dugout by the late Chaplain Francis P. Duffy—the purchase having been made possible by contributions from comrades in the regiment. The names of the heroes who were then still lying where they had fallen, are inscribed in gold letters. Above the names is: 'Ici au champ d'honneur, reposit,' which translated, means: 'Here on the field of honor, repose.' Some of the men lived until next day, hence the, date March 8th, on the marker.

"The men who fought in that ghastly woods can readily understand the task I had set myself—to locate one sunken, if not entirely obliterated, spot in a forest six miles long and four miles wide, battling obstructions of fallen trees and barbed-wire, wading through trenches, looking into innumerable dugouts. It seemed a hopeless search.

"About three o'clock on the fifth day of my search, in an ever-present down-pour of rain, my search ended, for there loomed before me a large, sombre, wooden cross and below it, a white marble marker. I gazed upon that grim spectacle in that lonely and silent woods and I knew this was the spot.

"I cleared away the brush, as well as branches of trees and other debris, and after spending some time in prayer and meditation, I returned to Lunéville, where I was stopping, but I did not fail to mark a definite trail to the outskirts of



outs in that vicinity, that I am enclosing.

"After spending most of the morning there, I went back to Lunéville, about ten miles away, found a florist and even with my lack of French made him understand what I wanted. I obtained a wreath and a small bouquet and again went to the wood, where I placed the wreath on the wooden cross and the bouquet at the foot of the marker. The flowers seemed to dispel the neglected and gruesome appearance of the place. I left the sacred spot, extremely contented in the thought that I had accomplished my long-desired purpose, although I returned each day for prayer until my leave was up and I was due to go back to my outfit, Evacuation Hospital No. 49, in Coblenz, Germany.

"Before leaving, however, I visited a small American cemetery in the village of Croismare, about four miles east of Lunéville, where some of the men who had lost their lives in the Rouge Bouquet dugout had been buried. Unfortunately I was unable to get more films in Lunéville and so could take no pictures of the



Struck in a fog by the British ship Redondo, the crew of the U. S. Transport Graf Waldersee take to lifeboats off Fire Island, New York, in June, 1919

the woods so I could return without getting lost. I hoped that during the next day or so there would be good weather so I might take some pictures. The following day there was bright sunshine so I lost no time in returning to the woods, and I succeeded in getting the pictures of the marker, of some of the trenches and dug-

cemetery. The men from Rouge Bouquet buried in the Croismare cemetery were: E. J. Kelly, John LeGall, Phillip Finn, Arthur Christfully, James B. Kennedy, George Adkins and Peter Laffey, all of Company E, and Oscar Ammon, the only man of Company F in the group.

"While the (Continued on page 60)

FRONT and CENTER

ALIENS AND JOBS

To the Editor: There are quite a few aliens who will not take out citizenship papers unless forced to do so. They wish to gather the fruits of the country but do not wish to place themselves in a position where they will have to give material aid to the country. I think laws should be passed in every State whereby no one may hire an alien as long as there is a citizen to fill that particular job. That would force them to show their hand, and I think more of them would apply for papers. I think all veterans' organizations should sponsor legislation to make these people declare themselves.—LESLIE A. GARVIN, *Post* 148, Langhorne, Pennsylvania.

"PREFERRED PREFERENCE"

To the Editor: May I add my bit about civil service and veterans? That run-around is quite familiar to me. I have been getting just that since 1930. As it takes time, trouble and some cash to get on the eligible list I wish to say that there is nothing amusing about the run-around to the disabled veteran or his family. So I would say to all you buddies, as things are now, don't waste your time and cash until you consult with someone who has been through the mill. Getting on the eligible list doesn't mean that you will get an appointment or a job. It only means that you have spent your time and money.

I have long been No. 2 on the eligible register and have never been appointed. I passed a physical examination for which I paid, only to be disqualified by the appointing officer on the grounds that my physical disabilities unfitted me for the arduous duties involved. The fact, supported by sworn statements, that I was performing labor much more arduous than the civil service job called for didn't mean a thing.

The truth about civil service and preference is that they prefer to have the veteran stay out. This is not the wish of the American people. They believe the veteran gets preference.—FREDERICK G. SMALLEY, *Dunbar, Pennsylvania*.

MISUSE OF THE FLAG

To the Editor: I should like to make the suggestion that all American flags be taken away from communists, fascists and nazis. It is my personal belief that the use of the American flag in their meetings is an insult to American intelligence. They use our flag merely to make it appear that they are friendly to the American Government, whereas the real purpose is to screen their purpose of advancing the interests of another coun-

try. Without the American flag their purpose would be readily noticed; with it they fool some Americans, who do not realize that deceit and trickery are being practised. They say that Germany has no unemployed. If our people were forced to live under their standard of living we would have no unemployed either. Furthermore, if we were to pass a law deporting all aliens who are not satisfied with our system of government we would maintain our high standard of living without unemployment.—M. SCHWARTZ, *Thomas R. Summers Post*, Orangeburg, South Carolina.

A MUTUAL HELPFULNESS COVER

To the Editor: On the twenty-second anniversary of our entry into the World War, the mail brought me the April 1939 issue of our magazine. And WHAT A COVER—when hooked up with the inset on Page 25. It illustrated beautifully the Preamble section about Mutual Helpfulness. I have only stolen about forty minutes from my regular employment to glance through this issue, but I believe it is the best and finest issue we have ever had. I am sure the prize stories are going to give me many interesting hours.

And the Kiwi story! How many times I have intended to try to write something on this subject, as I for a considerable time was "one of them birds" and finally got my wings and took off. The best description of a Kiwi, a description concocted by flyers and perhaps known only to them, would not bear printing in our magazine, yet it was a very neat description of that bird.

And then a baseball story, and a race horse story, and *Front and Center*, and Westbrook Pegler—count 'em, men. Where else could the sum total of your annual dues get you a sheet like we have? This April issue alone is worth the francs. But that cover and that inset mean a whole book of life to me. Even the Budget for 1939 is good reading, for between the lines we can see the expenditure of a big gob of dough for so many worthwhile projects and programs.—PAUL R. ROACH, *Service Officer, Rex Strait Post*, Rock Rapids, Iowa.

A SWEDISH THANKSGIVING

To the Editor: I think the title of this might well be "A Swedish Thanksgiving."

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

I happened to be in Stockholm, Sweden, last Thanksgiving Day, and . . . well, let's start at the beginning.

I had a dinner engagement that night with a gentleman with whom I had been doing some business, and after a hearty meal, and a few Schnapps, at a famous Stockholm restaurant, "Den Gyldene Freden" (The Golden Peace), the conversation got around to war (as it usually does in Europe these days.) I was quite surprised to learn that my host, Harry Forsberg, was a Legionnaire, having served with an outfit from Oregon, returning to Sweden immediately after being discharged. He was also surprised to learn that I was a Legionnaire, the surprise being caused, according to him (many thanks) by my age. It so happened I went in at eighteen.

Mr. Forsberg said Stockholm Post was having a Thanksgiving party for Legionnaires and their wives and sweethearts, and would I like to attend. I definitely would, so we took a cab. By the way, one never drives in Sweden after having even one drink. If you should happen to be in an accident, even though it was not your fault, but you smelled of alcohol, you'd go to jail. No excuses, no fines, no alibis. Not a bad idea—and it works. We certainly were perfectly all right, but my host left his car parked right where it was.

We arrived at the hall, and it seemed to be quite a procedure to get into this party. All doors were locked, but after throwing keys and stones we attracted attention and were admitted. It was a perfectly swell party. The comradeship was wonderful, and in a few minutes I felt perfectly at home. Dinner had just been finished, and the program was about to go on.

I was very much impressed with the seriousness and respect shown by these former American soldiers and sailors to a holiday observed by our country. It made me think how great are the things represented by our Thanksgiving Day, and that it might be a good idea if we would treat this day with the respect being shown by this group of American ex-service men in a far-away country. It seemed a little strange to see this meeting conducted in Swedish, but quite natural after all.

The Post is Stockholm Post No. 1. The Commander is Leonard A. Bellander and the Adjutant is M. O. Ekstiand. And it was a swell party.—M. A. RAMSEY, *Fort Pierce (Florida) Post*.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For confirmation of Mr. Ramsey's statements concerning Stockholm Post's hospitality, see "Skoal Legion" by Fairfax Downey in the December, 1937 issue.]

Bivouac of the Dead

(Continued from page 19)

clouds of the War of 1861 appeared and the first shot was fired on Fort Sumter he was in Mobile, Alabama. Immediately he joined the Twelfth Alabama Volunteers and was commissioned a captain. The command of the fort at the entrance to Mobile Bay was given him, and he made a gallant defense until ordered to retire his troops. Later, when the Twelfth Alabama became inactive, he presented himself at the headquarters of his old friend, General Breckenridge, and asked for assignment to active duty. General Breckenridge granted his request and appointed him Acting Adjutant General on his staff.

All this time O'Hara yearned to command his own regiment in the field and endeavored to secure permission to raise a provisional regiment. It was his greatest disappointment that it was not granted, and it was a bitter blow to his proud and sensitive nature. In the meantime, however, he participated in the Battle of

Murfreesboro and was cited for conspicuous bravery in action. He was by the side of General Albert Sidney Johnston when that able soldier fell mortally wounded in the fateful Battle of Shiloh. General Johnston died in his arms. General Bragg named O'Hara a colonel on the field of battle at Shiloh in recognition of his gallant service.

Colonel O'Hara died June 6, 1867, near Gerrytown, Alabama, on his plantation on the Chattahoochee River, to which he retired after the war. In 1873, the Legislature of Kentucky provided for the removal of his remains to his native State and in 1874 the final interment took place in the historic cemetery at Frankfort near the graves of his comrades of the Battle of Buena Vista in whose memory he dedicated "The Bivouac of the Dead." Just as Alan Seeger of the Foreign Legion, before his last adventure, penned his prophetic line "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," so Theodore O'Hara in

writing his poem as a tribute to his comrades was writing his own epitaph and singing his own requiem. The monument above his tomb bears this fitting stanza from his famous composition:

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

In all of his many adventures O'Hara had time to pause and woo the fickle mistress of poetry, to catch the spirit of the soldier, and interpret it. He was a counterpart of a Byron and a D'Artagnan, a mixture of knight errant and wandering minstrel. He was the essence of the American tradition of arms!

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud . . .

In the American Tradition

(Continued from page 11)

to lead this country into war. We who are in office know only too well what would be the costs and the horrors of war. We will leave undone nothing that we are capable of doing toward keeping this country out of war.

We are directing all of our thought and all of our energy toward the creation and the maintenance of conditions such that neither our nation nor any other nation will prefer war to peace. We desire that there shall not arise even the risk of this country being dragged or being pushed into war. Our efforts are constantly and unceasingly animated by that desire.

This country of ours is richly endowed, but it cannot live alone. Our economy is not self-contained. Our institutions have not developed in a vacuum and could not survive in a void. This country is a major power. It has size, weight, resources and capacity; it has influence. Nothing that we might choose to do or refuse to do can alter those facts. The United States cannot be a cipher. It is and it will be influential in world affairs—either toward great good or toward great evil. By active, constructive, patient and well-directed effort its people can make its influence a blessing to all mankind.

This country can have peace if, united in will and in effort, our people work intelligently for and toward peace. We can have peace with justice—and without war. We can have peace by being strong, being broad in vision, being united in determination, and being true to the

principles which brought our nation into existence and which are the only safe guides for its decisions and practices.

I hear asked: What is this Government's foreign policy?

The foreign policy of this Government is the foreign policy of the United States, which in turn is the foreign policy of the people of the United States—formulated over a period of a century and a half by the nation. That policy the Government of the United States, your Government, endeavors to execute.

Over and over President Roosevelt has stated what are the objectives and what are the principles of this country's foreign policy. Over and over I, as Secretary of State, have done likewise. Without going over the whole long record, I will cite, for example, four among our many statements.

On March 4, 1933, President Roosevelt, in his inaugural address, said:

In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects his obligations and respects the sanctity of his agreement in and with a world of neighbors.

On May 16, 1933, President Roosevelt addressed directly to the heads of all countries a circular telegram in the course of which he made to them a number of

proposals, one of which read as follows:

That all the nations of the world should enter into a solemn and definite pact of non-aggression; that they should solemnly reaffirm the obligations they have assumed to limit and reduce their armaments, and, provided these obligations are faithfully executed by all signatory powers, individually agree that they will send no armed force of whatever nature across their frontiers.

On July 16, 1937, I issued a comprehensive statement, the substantive portion of which reads as follows:

This country constantly and consistently advocates maintenance of peace.

We advocate national and international self-restraint.

We advocate abstinence by all nations from use of force in pursuit of policy and from interference in the internal affairs of other nations.

We advocate adjustment of problems in international relations by processes of peaceful negotiation and agreement.

We advocate faithful observance of international agreements. Upholding the principle of the sanctity of treaties, we believe in modification of provisions of treaties, when need therefor arises, by orderly processes carried out in a spirit of mutual helpfulness and accommodation.

We believe in respect by all nations for the rights of others and performance by all nations of established obligations.

(Continued on page 40)

THANKS for the job!



Happy child . . . meeting his father, as dad comes home from his new job . . . one of the million jobs that beer brought back.

One million jobs . . . a job for *everybody* in a city as big as Cleveland.

That's one way to visualize what beer has done in six short years.

A MAN WITH A JOB . . . heading home and head up. Happy man, happy boy, happy home. It has been going on, all over America . . . beer has helped in this great re-building job.

Beer pays huge taxes to help keep *your* taxes low. It also uses the produce of 3,000,000 acres of farm lands.

Most people regard beer as a wholesome beverage. The brewers want to protect your right to continue to enjoy beer under proper conditions.

Beer should not be blamed for abuses that may surround the sale of alcoholic beverages in a small percentage of retail outlets. It is not the

brewers' responsibility to enforce the law . . . you have public officials for that. However, we insist that retailing abuses be eliminated, to protect our industry and your privilege for the future.

So . . . in cooperation with enforcement authorities in a number of test communities, the brewers are working out a program of self-regulation that is proving successful.

This plan is being extended as rapidly as facilities permit. This is the brewers' program to protect the public's right to enjoy beer, and our right to make and market it.

*Multiply him by
a million . . .*



THE JOBS THAT BEER

brought back:

Brewery Workers

Farm Workers

Maltsters

Building Trades

Metal Trades

Glass Workers

Can Makers

Machinists

Lumbermen

Coopers

Railroadmen

Box Makers

*Restaurant,
Hotel and Tavern
Workers, etc., etc.*

In more than a hundred industries, at least 1,000,000 people are working today . . . off the relief rolls or in better jobs . . . because of beer!

SENT FREE ON REQUEST: A booklet giving interesting facts about beer, and discussing the brewers' self-regulatory program. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. D2, 21 East 40th Street, New York.

Beer... a Beverage of Moderation



In the American Tradition

(Continued from page 38)

We stand for revitalizing and strengthening of international law.

We advocate steps toward promotion of economic security and stability the world over.

We advocate lowering or removing of excessive barriers in international trade.

We seek effective equality of commercial opportunity and we urge upon all nations application of the principle of equality of treatment.

We believe in limitation and reduction of armament. Realizing the necessity for maintaining armed forces adequate for national security, we are prepared to reduce or to increase our own armed forces in proportion to reductions or increases made by other countries.

We avoid entering into alliances or entangling commitments but we believe in cooperative effort by peaceful and practicable means in support of the principles hereinbefore stated.

On February 3, 1930, President Roosevelt made a statement as follows:

The [foreign] policy has not changed and it is not going to change. If you want a comparatively simple statement of the policy, I will give it to you . . .

NUMBER 1: We are against any entangling alliances, obviously.

NUMBER 2: We are in favor of the maintenance of world trade for everybody—all nations—including ourselves.

NUMBER 3: We are in complete sympathy with any and every effort made to reduce or limit armaments.

NUMBER 4: As a nation—as American people—we are sympathetic with the peaceful maintenance of political, economic and social independence of all nations in the world.

Your Government—a government “of the people, by the people and for the people”—is conscientiously endeavoring to carry out the will of the people of the United States that this country shall remain at peace, enjoy justice, be prosperous and be secure. None of our fellow citizens desires those things any more ardently than do we on whom there rests special responsibility in relation to the problems and tasks involved.

This country, yours and mine, can have lasting peace, justice, prosperity and security. It can have peace, justice and prosperity, however, only if it has security; and it can have security only if in the conducting of its foreign relations its Government is given the reasonable confidence and the patriotic backing of a thinking people.

Your Government is trying to promote economic stability. It is trying to encourage social and cultural progress. It urges upon all nations adherence to

principles of law and order. Stability cannot be produced or be possessed by one nation alone. For any nation to have it, many nations must have it. Civilization and culture cannot flourish in a water-tight compartment. Law, order and stability are the world's alternative, universally, to violence and “war.”

You, members of the Legion, you and those who have been your comrades in armed service, you, with a perspective which flows from special experience and wide observation, are in a position to feel deeply and to think clearly with regard to some of the more difficult and the more perplexing of the problems of foreign policy. You all have personal knowledge of problems of national security.

You can help your Government enormously by making it your determination that you not only will feel deeply but shall think clearly, that you will not be misled by emotional appeals, that you will get at the facts and put your minds on them, that you will reason, that you will understand, that your conclusions shall be firmly grounded, and that you will advocate and give your support to courses of action conscientiously conceived and faithfully executed in the light of the best traditions of our country on behalf of and for our whole nation.

Mine Eyes Have Seen

(Continued from page 13)

(“Mmph—she must have brought that cold down from Pennsylvania with her!”)

Her second song, also light though unfamiliar, appealed through a final high note. The boys liked her; they didn't hesitate to tell her so. The charm of her personality, even as much as the loveliness of her singing, had begun to soften her tough audience.

For the last number in her first group of songs she sang “Tell me that you love me,” and the audience began to be wild about her. Cheers and whistles and even the rebel yell as before, but not now just to make noise. They liked her. A delegation from Company G presented her an armful of long-stemmed American Beauties. She took it, came to the front of the stage, and announced that she would sing “The Rosary.” Instant silence.

We have all gone tired of “The Rosary.” Yes, I have too, usually. This instance was not usual. In her gown of white satin, which may have been the palest of green, singing on a stage of unpainted boards, with unpainted boards for sides and back also—only the National Flag on the back wall—the American Beauties in her arms. It was not the

Rosary of the monk and his forbidden carnal love. It was the Rosary of the mother and her boy in France. “To Kiss the Cross!”

Part Two of the singer's program was more substantial, the aria from “Samson and Delilah.” Here her skill, her artistry, her glorious voice, found full opportunity for expression. Grandma recognized it with generous applause.

The singer raised her head from acknowledging the enthusiasm, stepped to the front of the stage, threw her head back with a sudden expression of triumph. “Allons, enfants de la Patrie!”

She sang like a goddess inspired. It was electric. The audience sprang to its feet, and to “Attention!” as one man.

So far, excepting “Sweetest Story Ever Told,” the singer had won her audience chiefly through her two encores. Pa Scranton, wiping the perspiration of excited enthusiasm from under his collar, looked at his program for Part Three. “This is going to be great! ‘From the Land of the Sky Blue Water,’ ‘Mighty Lak’ a Rose,’ ‘Little Grey Home in the West.’”

The audience, which had already told

her that they loved her, now adored her. They responded to the familiar songs and the loveliness of the singer with a kindredness of feeling that swept overwhelmingly back from the listeners to the singer. A marvelous thing was happening! The artist had completely cast her spell over the audience; now the audience was casting its spell over the artist.

She had given of herself, her voice, her training, her artistry, her personality, her charm, herself, to these olive-drab soldiers. Every man there might be one of her adopted brothers of Company G, as every Company G man might be her flesh-and-blood younger brother. She had given to them the best that was in her; now they were returning to her, from auditorium to stage, the best that was in them. If the singer had captured her audience, now no less the audience held the singer under its spell.

It was a sort of “Frankenstein” situation, only the singer's magic was as glorious as “Frankenstein's” was horrible.

She sang “When the Boys Come Home.” It seemed to turn the psychological current from the fervent nostalgia

of the "Old Songs" to fervent, living patriotism.

Then came one of those occurrences of dramatic intensity such as are given to few people to experience. The audience inspired, fired by the singer; the singer fired, inspired by the audience. It was a career at its climax! Never again, whatever, whatever, however she might sing, could the singer approach the power of those minutes. For even as she had, by her singing, stirred and dominated the emotions of her listeners, now, by the very force of the emotions swelling up and overflowing from the listeners back to the singer, her listeners stirred and dominated her. Their souls sang through her lips.

She sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

("It's an insult, a damned Yankee insult, to try to cram that song down our throats!")

"Please, please don't do that, grandma. It's undignified.")

At first she sang as one might imagine the Delphic Oracle to speak—as if the words came through her, not from her.

Mine Eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

Her voice became less impersonal.

He has loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on!

Again it was the Delphic Oracle. It wouldn't seem possible that the "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" chorus could be impressive, sung by only one person, especially by a woman. But it was! It seemed as if the Oracle were now singing the praises of the God for whom she spoke.

He hath sounded forth the bugle that
shall never call Retreat!

The impersonal, detached semblance was gone. There was a stirring, as of troops preparing for the charge!

He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His Judgment Seat,
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on!

The stirring had now turned to tremendous confidence, and into tremendous exaltation.

At the second "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" of the chorus, there came from here and there in the audience the involuntary response of overwrought emotion. "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory!" Before the end of the chorus, half of us were on our feet singing.

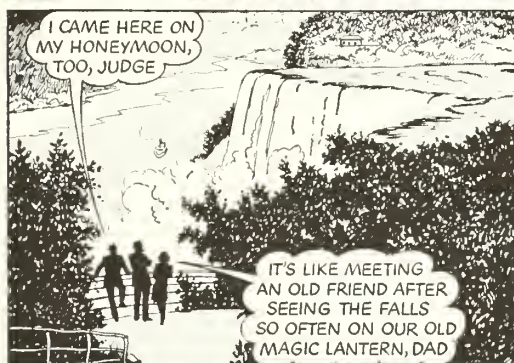
Everything changed.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was
born across the sea.

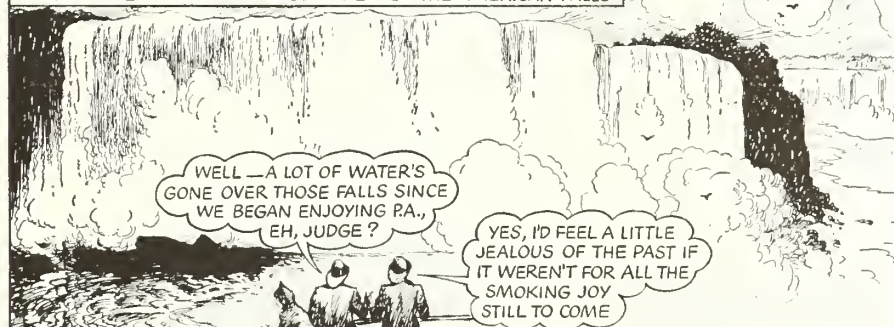
There was a sad- (Continued on page 42)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

VISITS
NIAGARA
FALLS,
N.Y.

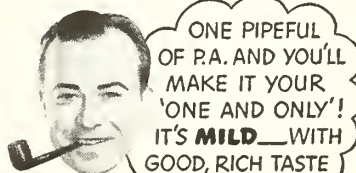
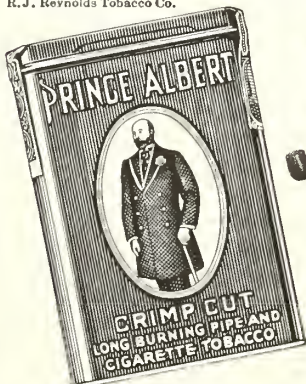


ABOARD THE "MAID OF THE MIST" — VIEW OF THE AMERICAN FALLS



HERE'S TO A LIFETIME HONEYMOON WITH SMOKING JOY

Copyright, 1939
R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



You'll find Prince Albert the "one and only" for "makin's" smokes too! Rolls fast . . . stays lit!

NO-RISK OFFER

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of PRINCE ALBERT. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every pocket tin of Prince Albert

SO MILD • SO TASTY

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Mine Eyes Have Seen

(Continued from page 41)

ness, which was not so much grief, as tenderness and devotion.

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me,

The singer seemed verily to be transfigured by a glory. No more sadness. No more even of tenderness. But a reverent purpose, a determination, and a glory.

As He died to make men holy, *let us die*
to make men free,
Our God is marching on!

And there welled up from that audience a roar! A roar of neither cheers, yells, catcalls, nor applause. A roar!

Glory—Hallelujah—Be jubilant, my feet—Hallelujah—Let us die to make men free—Sweet land of liberty—Look away, look away—A moulderin' in the grave—Hallelujah—Till it's over, over there . . .

A roar! Everybody on his feet, on his chair. Swaying, surging, singing, shouting.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Hallelujah—Glory—Mine eyes have seen the glory—For amber waves of grain—Glory—Hallelujah—

Grandma, on her feet, held her son closely in one arm, and her grandson in the other. Pa Scranton, frankly weeping, hugged both boys to his breast.

—, Glory, Hallelujah!

Of my dreams—Sinks in the West—Hallelujah—Smile—

First lieutenant, at my left, gripped my hand. Pa Scranton reached in front of his boy and gripped my other. Grandma changed places with grandson.

The roar! The singer moved on the stage, every eye watched her. The cor-

poral accompanist stood at one side of her, a man from Company G jumped onto the stage to her other side. She crossed her arms, and grasped a hand of each man.

Should auld acquaintance—

We all crossed our arms likewise—"be forgot—" Grandma had squeezed in front of me; she joined hands with Pa Scranton.

Lang Syne—Glory—His truth is marching—Can you see—Hallelujah!—Away Down South in Dixie—Tenting tonight—There is no North and South today—Praise God from Whom all blessings flow—Hallelujah!

The corporal crashed a chord from the piano. The roar fell into time with him.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

As we go marching on!

The Last Goodbye

(Continued from page 29)

\$100. Competition among bidders brings out offers of a variety of items of service in addition to the requirements of the Veterans Administration that go to make 'a complete and respectable' funeral.

"I explain to the relative just what is included in the contract for a local burial. The contractor agrees to procure a burial permit; to procure a separate single permanent grave in a cemetery she selects 'in a part of the cemetery not set aside for the burial of indigents or paupers;' to provide embalming service, clothing, casket and outside case; proper conveyances for body, pallbearers and firing party; a burial service in church or suitable chapel, with minister and, if desired, music; a headboard or metal marker for the grave. Various other items may enter in, as hotel accommodations for a certain number of out-of-town relatives who will attend the obsequies.

"This Facility supervises rigidly in every contract burial to insure that every detail of the contract is carried out. Solemnity, reverence for the departed, helpfulness to the bereaved, arrangement of ceremonial details and

employment of experienced personnel, all are among the requirements. This is by no means a 'pauper burial,' as uninformed persons have called it; it is a government burial.

"When the relative has chosen a contract burial, I go with her to the undertaker's place of business where she selects a casket and becomes familiar with other contract items displayed. I recall a somewhat worldly-seeming widow who, after viewing the articles, commented, with an incredulous shake of head, 'There's a catch in this somewhere.' It appeared too good to be true. She was wrong. We merely get a lot for the money.

"After the body is placed in the casket, another inspection is made to pass finally on everything. A burial flag, supplied by the Government for all honorably discharged veterans, except peace-time men,

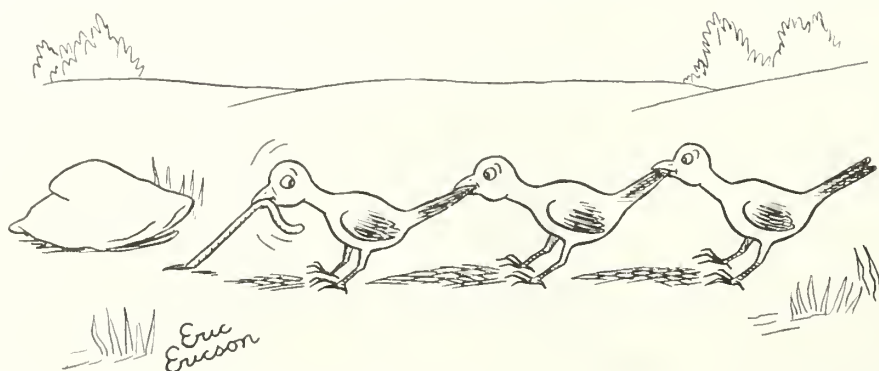
is given the undertaker to be placed on the casket. It is so placed when the body lies in state and is not removed until the volley is fired over the grave. It is then given to the widow or next of kin. If no family representative is present, the flag is handed to me and I return it to the Facility to be held for a rightful claimant.

"The relatives' wishes are consulted as to choice of a clergyman to conduct the funeral service. If they have no choice, as is often the case, the chaplain at the State Soldiers' Home in our city usually acts. Pallbearers, when not provided by the kin, can always be had from the Home—Spanish War or World War men—and we call upon the neighboring garrison of the Regular Army for firing squad and bugler.

"In the out-of-town contract burial, all items are provided that are necessary

to preparation for shipment and, besides, a proper conveyance to the common carrier. The Government will pay a certain amount for secondary expenses at the place of interment.

"When the relatives prefer not to accept the contract burial, we are out of it, though we're glad



to give any aid we can to their own undertaker, if he asks it. This may consist of arranging for a burial flag, or a cemetery lot, or pallbearers, or a firing party. In many cemeteries a soldiers' rest plot is set apart, and a lot in such a plot will be given free for any honorably discharged veteran. In a local contract burial, the contractor must buy a lot, in the absence of such provision, in the cemetery selected by the kin."

IN THE last four years the number of contract burials at this Facility has grown markedly. The explanation seems to lie in this: That as people understand better the nature of the contract service—what it comprises, how complete it is—the more it gains favor, though no effort is made at the Facility to influence them against a non-contract burial. Besides relieving the veteran's family of worry and distress in making arrangements, it protects against sales insistence and conserves the veteran's estate.

Acting for the chief medical officer, the major-domo prepares a letter of condolence to the nearest relative. In contract shipment cases, she prepares the form for transportation expense, checks train schedules, and so on.

Her attention is not confined to burial arrangements, however. When the more pressing needs are attended to, she offers the entitled persons, in both contract and non-contract cases, expert assistance as regards their rights to government benefits and in making out applications for those benefits. These may be burial expenses, either reimbursement of secondary expenses in contract shipment cases or payment of full allowance in non-contract local or shipment cases; any accrued benefits that may have been due the deceased beneficiary; amount due on adjusted service certificate (when original application had never been made or when certificate had been applied for but no application for bonds made); proceeds of converted insurance; death compensation or pension (for widow, child, father or mother.)

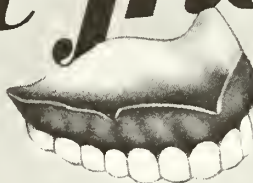
This paper work can be done in her office. She keeps all the proper forms and is authorized to take acknowledgements for the Government.

It is her experience that veterans in hospital often, too often, withhold needful facts about themselves which become known only upon their deaths. These may come out in the course of funeral arrangements, as when opposing kin assert a right to direct the burial. They may be drawn from relatives in preparing claims for benefits, or be disclosed in a sometimes necessary reading of the veteran's private papers which, with other personal effects, the Facility is required to inventory and safeguard.

It has developed at times that a veteran admitted as "single," by his own statement, had had a living wife with rights to be (Continued on page 44)

JUNE, 1939

ARE YOUR FALSE TEETH *false friends?*



DOES THEIR STAINED LOOK SHOUT "FALSE"?
DO THEY GIVE YOU "DENTURE BREATH"?

PLAY SAFE · USE POLIDENT

**DISSOLVES AWAY STAINS...TARNISH...ODORS...
PURIFIES PLATES LIKE NEW—WITHOUT BRUSHING!**

Two things can tell everyone your teeth are false, just as surely as if you shouted it—stains and "Denture Breath."

Plates and bridges soak up odors and impurities like a sponge! A thin dark scum collects on them. This scum holds germs and decay bacteria. It is so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it. And it gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't even reach. Almost always it results in "denture breath"—probably the most offensive of all breath odors.

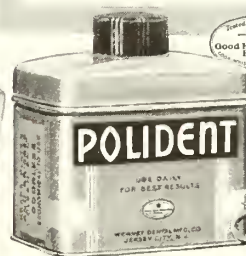
Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all scum, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes breath sweeter—and plates or bridges look better and feel better.

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for comfort, convenience and hygiene. Sold at all drug stores—3 oz. can 30¢—7 oz. can—60¢. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and dentists everywhere *and your money back if not delighted*. Wernet Dental Mfg. Co. Inc., 190 Baldwin Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

POLIDENT

**WORKS LIKE MAGIC—
NO BRUSHING**

Add a little Polident powder to ½ glass water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

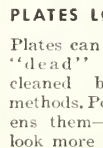


**Thousands of happy users
praise POLIDENT**



PLATES FEEL BETTER

Polident prevents sore gums, due to unclean dentures. Plates feel cooler and more comfortable—your mouth fresher and sweeter.



PLATES LOOK BETTER

Plates can get a stained "dead" look when cleaned by inefficient methods. Polident brightens them—makes gums look more alive and natural.



BREATH IS SWEETER

Offensive breath is so common among denture wearers that dentists call it "denture breath." Polident prevents denture breath.

The Last Good-bye

(Continued from page 43)

claimed and assured. Or it may be that more than one wife—a missing unacknowledged, divorced or even bogus wife—bobs up and demands consideration. Living children have been discovered of whom the veteran had made no mention. Their rights are to be protected. Birth certificates, marriage certificates, death certificates, copies of divorce decrees, all call for checking in the care exercised in making sure that benefits go to the rightful persons.

A veteran on admission to the Facility had stated he was single and had no relatives. Upon his death his effects disclosed that he had a daughter of thirteen and a son of fourteen. Both proved to be in need. The summer before the two children had earned \$1.50 a week pulling weeds, whereas had their father but told the facts they would have been entitled to benefit of \$24 a month for the preceding thirteen months. And why hadn't he told? Heartlessness? Not exactly. It seems that he had been a fugitive from justice and had kept silent for fear, apparently, of being turned over to the law. An unfounded fear, it is said at the Facility, for nothing of the kind is ever divulged about a patient. A patient's personal history is regarded as privileged.

"All veterans should tell the whole truth about themselves when admitted to hospital," an official pointed out. "They stand to lose nothing by doing so, and only when the full truth is known can the best be done for them and their dependents. An offense of which some patient may be accused, outside, may be a fairly minor one, over which an adjustment or a settlement could be effected by his friends if enlisted in his behalf. Such outcome by conducing to peace of mind might contribute toward recovery in the hospital."

Reticence may be of an altogether different kind. After the death of a veteran,

a single man, it was explained to the mother, a widow, that she was eligible to death compensation. An application form was given her. She took it away for consideration. A few days later she returned to the Facility and stated her predicament.

The veteran had not been her son. She and her husband had taken him when he was eight days old, a foundling, and had reared him as their own. He had never known otherwise. At various times he had urged her to apply for apportionment of the disability compensation being paid to him, but she had not done so. The reason lay in the requirement in the application form that she submit with it a certified copy of the birth or baptismal record of the veteran in proof of relationship. To do so would have necessitated a revealing of her want of parentage. An application after the death, which she wished to submit, would require a copy of a court order of adoption—and the boy had never been legally adopted. She and her husband had just taken him, kept him and loved him.

Actual adoption was readily accepted by the Government on the mother's statement of facts and she obtained compensation.

Sometimes a veteran bats a long one after his death. A patient had told the Facility he had no relatives and no friend to be notified in case of his passing. Among his personal effects, gone through after the death, were letters from a sister in Georgia, dated before his coming to the hospital and addressed to him on his bachelor's farm near the Canadian border. In one she referred to a snapshot he had sent her of himself armed with an ax and seemingly about to fell a tree; she commented on how well he was looking.

The man had been admitted for a severe heart ailment and had died from it. It was learned that his father had died after the veteran's admission. But neither

father nor sister had known that he was in hospital, nor even suspected he was dangerously ill. In his effects were neatly bundled tax receipts, records of bank deposits, memoranda of accounts receivable and accounts payable; he had put his house in order. It was clear that, believing his case hopeless, he had sought to spare the feelings of his people during his remaining days. Sportsmanship! Yet it may not have been a kindness. Who knows?

When a man on entering for treatment had stated that he belonged to a veterans' organization, as The American Legion, and named his Post, the Facility gives notice of his death to the Post Commander, if local, or to a Department official, if not local. The latter can then pass the word on, whether the man's Post is within or outside the State.

Sometimes the notice of a veteran's death comes to the Post from the family or from newspapers or other sources. Commanders of Legion Posts in many parts of our State make a practice of offering the Post's services upon learning of the death of a veteran, whether a Legion man or not, in their communities. The Post takes part in the burial program when the family welcomes it. In many cities and towns Posts have trained firing squads and buglers.

A man who has had a part in conducting the Legion ritualistic service at the grave in scores of veterans' funerals here said:

"I think every veteran should have a military funeral. The Forty and Eight generally conducts the grave service for the Legion here. It is impressive. Nothing else so raises the Legion in the eyes of the public as seeing it function at a veteran's burial. The Legion has taken part, upon family request, in many funerals from the Veterans Administration Facility, whether contract or non-contract, local or outside."

But Can You Take It?

(Continued from page 23)

—but the fellow telling you about it would have to be in the ring himself swinging about with a portable mike to get it all.

The referee constantly keeps the center of his vision on the space between the two fighters, following their every move from the knees upward. He keeps constantly on the go because he has to maintain a stance that will give him full vision, no matter how they may shift. Another reason for this continual shifting by the

referee that doesn't occur to everybody is that the spectators who have paid their good money for ringside seats don't want to have the action blotted out any more than is absolutely necessary. And so even if two fighters stand toe to toe and slug it out I keep moving about.

In a fight somebody is always winning—it is rare that two men sock on even terms throughout a round. By that I mean that in the three minutes of a round the tide may shift half a dozen or more

times and yet at the end of the round the referee may feel that he can't in fairness give the round to one of the men. But in each of those half dozen separate sections of time someone has been winning and someone has been losing. The referee sees it all—and nobody else does, whether the bout is held in a brilliantly lighted arena or under the stars. I hear a tremendous roar go up from the crowd sometimes for a blow that to a person ten or a hundred feet away looks staggering, but which in

fact the other man has almost completely parried. On the other hand a blow to the body that seems to be just one of twenty that land there in the course of a round may set the stage for the knockout blow that comes several minutes later.

In that connection I'd like to speak my mind about a part of our State's boxing law that to me doesn't make sense. The responsibility resting on the shoulders of the referee in a championship fight is tremendous—and I'm not talking now about the amount of money wagered all over the world on one man or the other. I mean the responsibility of seeing that it's a fair fight, that neither of the men is allowed to go on if he has lost the power to protect himself. The New York law and the law of some of our other States provides that in addition to the referee there be two judges posted at the ringside who shall vote after each round as to which contestant won that round, and that the majority vote, the referee also being allowed a choice, decides the winner.

To my mind that takes from the referee authority that he ought to have. The judges are stationary throughout a round, and they can't help missing just as much of the action as any other person outside the ring. Yet if their two votes run contrary to the vote of the man who is as much on top of the action as a plate umpire is on top of a slide into home, they make the decision. Responsibility and authority ought to ride together in the ring as they do everywhere else in life. I know that every other referee that knows his stuff will agree with me that such a set-up is political rather than efficient. We've got the responsibility of deciding whether a bout shall proceed, and we certainly wouldn't flinch from making the decision on the winner as we saw it, no matter what anybody else thought. And we ought to have that right.

Of late years the fight game has been enormously improved by the introduction of a protective gadget that guarantees the fighter against injury due to a low blow by the opponent. That protection, in my judgment, saved the game from ruin. The whole set-up of boxing threatened to crash down after the match between Max Schmeling and Jack Sharkey on June 12, 1930. I didn't handle that fight, but I was there. The fight wound up in disorder after one of the judges said that Sharkey had landed a low blow toward the close of the fourth round, and Schmeling was given the decision. When the New York State Athletic Commission a short time later named Schmeling as world's champion there was a good deal of nasty criticism of its action, on the ground that a foul can't make a champion, though it may unmake one. It was at this time that the protective gadget I am talking about was demonstrated before the Commission. It proved its worth without question. A man wearing (Continued on page 46)

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But Can You Take It?

(Continued from page 45)

one of these cannot be hurt by a low blow, but since a fighter may land a low one unintentionally, the rule is that such a blow automatically loses him the round, unless later in that round he scores a knockout. But no fighter can now win a fight just because the other fellow has landed one low punch. Give the Postmaster General of the United States credit for that one. Jim Farley as Chairman of the Commission was responsible for the decision to use the protective device.

PEOPLE keep asking me how long Joe Louis will stay at the top of the heap in boxing. I wish I could answer that one. Right now there doesn't seem to be anybody in sight that has a respectable chance of beating him, but after the first Louis-Schmeling fight nobody can say with certainty that Joe can't be taken. A short time ago Louis flattened Jack Roper, who had as much right being in the same ring with him as Georges Carpentier had with Jack Dempsey. And Joe certainly did things to Max Schmeling in their second fight, and to John Henry Lewis.

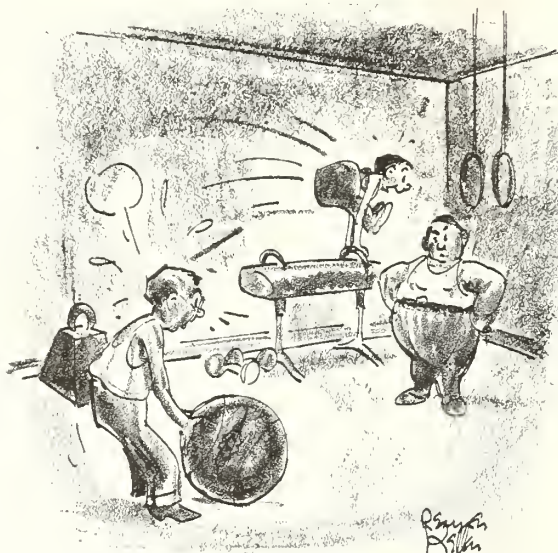
But sometimes an actual miracle happens in boxing, and when two big fellows start throwing leather at each other in a ring, the better man isn't immune from a lucky punch by the other fighter, a punch that may blast him lose from a carefully prepared plan of campaign and open him up wide for a K. O.

The instructions a fighter's manager and other handlers give him will probably wash right out of his mind when the pressure is on, and then he goes along largely on his will to battle, plus instinct. The fancy stuff goes by the boards, and your fighter falls back on one of two things. Either he wades in, giving everything he's got, on the theory that the best defense is an offense, or he gives ground steadily and hopes he can put over a lucky punch himself.

Schmeling's victory over Louis in their first fight puzzled a lot of people, as it did Louis himself, but it was the result of a thorough-going campaign that I believe has never been equaled in the history of pugilism. The boxing writers had said that Louis was the perfect fighter, that he didn't have a weakness, and that it would be plain massacre to pit anybody against him. Schmeling knew that Louis had been schooled in the art of fighting by one of the cleverest men in pugilism, Jack Blackburne. But the German convinced himself that there was a chance, and that by careful study of his man he could map out a campaign

that would give promise of success. So he studied the films of a couple of Louis fights, over and over and over, watched Louis in the ring, and set up his campaign.

Louis hits with either hand, but his best blow is with his left. Max figured that by turning his left shoulder toward his opponent it would be impossible for Louis to crash him effectively with the right except by driving him back and



"Toss it to you?—I can't even pick it up!!"

forcing him to abandon that stance. At the same time Max thought he could withstand Joe's stinging left jab enough times so that Joe would get tired of that line of attack and try a left hook, which against a fighter holding Schmeling's stance is practically a swinging blow rather than one straight from the shoulder. During the first three rounds Louis was jabbing with that crushing left. From the vantage point of the closest kind of observation I would say it was simply amazing the way Schmeling stood up under the smashing power of the blows delivered by Louis in those first three rounds. It took guts.

But Schmeling absorbed it, kept his feet, and wasn't even groggy. People were beginning to wonder if it was true after all that Joe had merely to pick the round for the knockout. And then in the fourth round came that left hook that Schmeling had been looking for. It was wide and sweeping. Before it could land, the German's right, straight from the shoulder, exploded on Joe's chin and deposited him on the floor. That upset Louis so completely that, forgetting one of boxing's most respected maxims, the one that says a man should not come up from the floor until at least half of the ten seconds have been counted, he got to his feet at once. You see, Louis had never

been knocked down before in his professional career, and whether it was because his pride made him refuse to admit that the blow had hurt him or because he went through the motions sub-consciously, the fact remains that almost immediately he was back on his feet.

My own belief is that he didn't realize what he was doing. Very soon after he got off the floor, maybe ten to fifteen seconds, the bell sounded for the end of the round, a real break for Louis, as with a longer time remaining Schmeling could have put over the knockout blow right then. In the minute between the fourth and fifth rounds Louis's seconds did a fine job of bringing their man around to fighting trim. The two men boxed fairly evenly in that round, and they were both swinging hard. Just a fraction of a second before the bell sounded for the end of the fifth Schmeling let go another tremendous right smash at Louis's chin. The noise of the yelling mob was so tremendous that the sound of the gong was not heard by any of us in the ring. But instinctively I knew that time must be running out and when a side glance at one of the corners showed me the seconds were starting to come into the ring, I made a dive between the two fighters.

Schmeling's blow had reached its mark, Louis's jaw, before I made that dive. The blow was perfectly legal. More than any other thing aside from the actual knockout blow that punch won the fight for the German.

Joe never did get over that blow in the remaining seven rounds. He came out gamely for the sixth and tried to carry on. In that and the following rounds Schmeling must have hit him fifty times with his right, every time not more than two or three inches away from the button—the point of the chin. When the eleventh round ended Joe's face had puffed up so badly that as I stood in my corner in the minute interval I made up my mind Louis had given everything he possibly could, physically and mentally, that although I had received no sign from his corner it was probable that his jaw was fractured, and that in the coming round a sign of even slight distress would be enough for me to stop the fight. But the first blow landed in the twelfth round was flush on Louis's chin, the place Schmeling had been aiming at in the previous seven rounds. He was counted out, though that would not have been necessary to establish the winner.

You know how Joe Louis came back to knock out Schmeling decisively in the first round of their second fight, last year,

and of how nobody has been able to stand up to him since then.

But unless he retires voluntarily Joe will meet somebody some day who will be his master. That's as sure as time and tide. Maybe it's some youngster competing in a Golden Gloves tournament today; maybe the coming champion isn't even fighting yet. The longest record of a championship reign in modern times is John L. Sullivan's ten years, from 1882 to 1892. The next longest is Jack Dempsey's seven years' reign, from 1910 to 1926. Fighting is a young man's game, and though every bout sharpens a man's mentality it takes its toll physically. As with Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth in baseball, Bobby Jones in golf, and Red Grange in football, there comes a day.

But your guess as to when that day will come for Joe Louis is as good as anybody else's. After all, the boxing writers who make their living through their ability to tell what's what in the fight game have been wrong a good many times in the last fifteen years. And they'll be wrong plenty of times in the future, because like any other sport boxing won't survive if the result of championship bouts is certain.

I am asked a lot of times about the fight in 1924 when Firpo, the Argentine boxer, knocked Jack Dempsey clear out of the ring, only to have Dempsey clamber back in and punch his way to a knockout. A lot of people seem to think that Dempsey had no right to come back into the ring, that Firpo should have been awarded the decision as soon as the other man left the ring. I tell them that in a case of that sort the man outside the ring has exactly the same rights as he has when he has been knocked down inside the ring. In other words he has ten seconds to get back in, and if he's in there and on his feet within those ten seconds he loses no rights at all.

Dempsey landed right on top of some people in the first row, and they did just what you or anybody else would have done—they pushed him up off themselves and their typewriters. And it probably wasn't much more than six or seven seconds from the time he went sailing out of the ring before he was back in there.

Just remember that ten seconds is quite some period of time—they run a hundred yards in less time than that. I believe Billy Papke once knocked Stanley Ketchel out of the ring, but it remained for Jack Doyle, who glories in the nickname of the Irish Thrush (and makes every Irishman in the world wince) to score a knockout on himself a year or so ago. Jack took a swing at his opponent, missed, and fell through the ropes, striking his head on one of the supports. He was not entitled to a count of ten, but even if he had been it wouldn't have done him any good, as he was unconscious for nearly a minute. He goes down in ring history as the only man who ever knocked himself out. (Continued on page 48)

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But Can You Take It?

(Continued from page 47)

You'll hear a lot about Tony Galento now that he has been matched with Louis for a fight in June of this year. I remember a fight I handled between Galento and the South American Arturo Godoy as one of the wildest exhibitions of pugilism that I ever saw. They both poured it on as fast and furious as they could, with no science whatever, just like an alley brawl, for ten rounds, Godoy finally winning on points.

You may gather from what I'm saying that Galento seems to me an unimpressive fighter, but don't think for a minute that I make snap judgments like that. When two men inside an eighteen-foot ring are battling for championship laurels, if you consider what is at stake, the ambition and determination on the part of each of them, when that gong sounds anything can happen. In the flash of a second a blow may be landed that will change the entire complexion of things, confound the experts and settle

everything, and the man has not yet been born who can call the turn on that sort of thing. Naturally Galento has improved. If he hadn't shown a great deal in the past couple of years he wouldn't be getting a shot at the champion.

My father used to tell me that pound for pound, punch for punch, there had never been a greater fighter than Bob Fitzsimmons, and the record shows that Fitz was marvelous—no doubt about that. But if I wanted to pick great fighters on the basis of the four qualities that a man must have in some degree if he wants to get by in the ring, I would rate them this way. For sheer raw courage I'd pick Joe Gans, the colored boy who, though he was suffering from tuberculosis at the time, went forty-two rounds at Goldfield, Nevada, under a hot sun against Battling Nelson. For endurance I'd pick Nelson. For punching ability I'll string along with my father and take Fitzsimmons. When you

talk about real, scientific boxing give me Jim Corbett. For the best all-around fighter my choice will have to be Gans.

I'd like to see The American Legion sponsor an amateur boxing tournament at its National Conventions, with the cream of the amateur crop picked as finalists after elimination bouts in the various sections of the country, the finalists doing their stuff before the convention crowd. The Legion Junior Baseball program is a perfect model for what could be done with boxing, though of course the age limits would have to be different. But it would be a grand thing to do. In my opinion there is no sport in the American calendar that does more to build real manhood in a youngster than boxing does. It calls for the perfect coordination of brain and muscle, and both attack and defense demand instantaneous reaction of mind and body. To me it will always be tops among sports.

The Man Who Licked John L.

(Continued from page 9)

ain't what it was once, ma'am. He had pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut for dinner and a quart of chilled champagne."

"It's turned him horrid," Jigs piped up.

"He's calling for stout," Georgie said.

The Spider moaned, "John'll kill me if I don't take it down to him, and Phil Casey here'll kill me if I do."

"You've got to die either way. Let me have two mugs of stout," Georgie commanded.

"Like he is now, nothing bigger than a bug can get near John and live," Spider warned her.

"Chop it. Give me the mugs."

Spider Weir shoved two foaming mugs across the tilted bar. Georgie Droghan went through the cellar arch with a mug in each white fist, like candles for an altar. At the bottom of the stairs she called softly, "Johnnie, here's a hair of the dog."

"Giver here now," John rumbled, and there was never any mortal man with a voice on him like John's. "I got a thirst on me as big as me two hands."

That was a giant thirst. Georgie Droghan could see two John L. Sullivans drinking stout. One was himself, and the other was his reflection in the old bar-mirror from his Washington Street bar, that had gravitated here. They were two fine-looking men still, in spite of grog blossoms on the cheeks. They were in double-breasted lion-skin coats with pearl-buttons, and had Hercules clubs in their hands. They had been busy knock-

ing out props, and throwing Indians around. Some of the Indians were still standing, and these had smashed hats crowded down around their ears.

"How are you, John?" says Georgie, showing all her porcelain.

"Struggling like yourself," says John.

"It's Georgie Droghan, can't you see, come back to you? How's your courage, John?"

"Finer'n frog-hair," John said. His voice was like the quaking mutter of the fattest gold organ pipe, the thirty-two-inch diapason.

"You're a little tangled in the reins, I think."

"I'm in good fix."

"That's more than your Belt is then. Here, I picked it up for you in a junk shop in Baltimore."

She slipped it out of her muff. The Belt had holes now in place of diamonds, but you could still make out the name of John L. Sullivan.

"I wouldn't use it for a dog-collar," John said. He slapped it out of her hand.

"Not you. Never you again by your looks," Georgie cried, with a wild laugh. "Why, there aren't victories enough to go round you, Johnnie, do you know that? You've got too big to get out of your own way."

John turned his famous black look on her, that he put on when he was moving up for mischief.

"Is this the girl I took from Ruby the Shield's haunt? Is it you that's turned against me?"

"Turned against you, is it? And me just after sleeping with a lock of your hair under my pillow, that I bought from Billy Hogarty."

"A hair of the dog that bit ye, haw, haw, haw," said John L. Sullivan.

"Laugh! I would if I were you! I've bet my all on Sullivan to win against Corbett. I've already stripped myself entirely."

She showed him her fingers bare of rings.

"Where's the garter I brought youse from Jimmy Considine?"

"The garter. Is it that that's still sticking in your crop? Ah, pity poor actresses!" Georgie cried, with that upward look and the little dramatic catch that always hooked her audiences in "The Wife's Peril." "Bodies we have, God help us, souls we have none, according to our critics. Banned by the church, shunned by the pure, betrayed by the vile, and in the end—is it the garter you'll be asking after?"

"The garter is all."

"He bribed the wardrobe mistress, and that's how he got it. I can prove it to you, and I will, and just a woman's pride has kept me from it." She stooped and snatched the garter from her leg. "There's the article itself, with the name 'John' picked out in diamonds that I took out of the Belt. Would I be giving that to any mortal man but John L. Sullivan?"

"Chop it," says John. What stuck in his crop was the easy way she had of

getting at it, through the slit in the side of that Venus dress that showed her leg through, and made him think that Georgie Droghan had gone completely to the dogs, against his teachings. How could John know that she was only the bad woman in "Passports to Hell"? He gritted his teeth, and you could hear him do that three doors away, when he was fighting old battles in his sleep.

"Georgie Droghan in a drab's dress," he said. "It's time I took ye acrost me little chequered apron."

And he reached out with his foot to trip her heel and land her on his knee upside down.

Georgie's eyes flashed green fire, and turned in the sockets round and firm as bullets.

"You gutter-waller," she hissed, and unlatched the old round-arm uppercut flush on John's dial. That was the blow John had taught her, to keep off other mugs, and the first time she ever used it was on John himself. He had only the one leg under him, and he went down like a bottle-pin.

That was a burster, if there ever was one. There was a howl from the stairs, where all those blokes were crowding that were still backing him to put Corbett to grass.

"John's down," Sport Campani yelled.

But nobody made a move to help John up. Georgie stood over him with her hair wringing wet, as it used to be when she came panting into the wings after her devil's dance in "Satanella." She laughed like a mad woman, and hot tears burned her lashes. That tell-tale heart vein of hers looked bluer than blue under the powder, and her green eyes were just so much flashing artillery.

John was on his feet again.

"If he sees the joke of it, maybe that'll save her neck." Sport Campani moaned.

And John did see the joke of it.

"First blood for Droghan," he roared.

He pulled her head back hard enough to show the cords in her neck.

"Spoil my beauty for me, why don't you?" Georgie cried.

He shook pins out of her hair.

"You're in the inimy's pay," he said.

"Am I so? With all my bets on you, and you lushing around with the ale hounds. John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and he's lying down. He's yellow. A yellow dog is what he is, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mister."

This was John's big battle scene. The fight on the barge was nothing to it, nor the mill with Corbett at New Orleans. A battle would have to be John's love-making, because he loved a fight better than anything, and if it took the shape of woman, maybe he could love it still.

"Hell's floor is paved with women's tongues," he said.

"Is it so? Just the same, Corbett will have you with your feathers down, my lad."

"Corbett, is it? There'll have to be a committee to pick (Continued on page 50)



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The Man Who Licked John L.

(Continued from page 49)

up the pieces, when I'm through with Corbett."

"And whose pieces, pray?" Georgie taunted, with a bitter sneer, and that blue-green, Under-the-Gas-Light look of hers. "Why, you're poke-blowed, and your eyes don't track. You're weak as a woman in the legs. The fix you're in, you couldn't be knocking the stuffing out of a ten-cent doll."

"Shut your trap, my girl."

"Shut it for me, then. The gutter isn't very far away, I fancy. There's one man that's licked you, and he will again."

"Lock me in a room with him and see which one of us comes out alive," John growled.

"He's in here with you now. Look, I'll show him to you."

She faced him round into his own barmirror.

"So that's him," says John L. Sullivan.

There he stood straddled, the finest knight of the fives that ever inhabited a suit of clothes, the dog-gonedest crittur that ever came wrapped up in human hide—and he was glaring at his own image in the glass. And not his own image only. There was Georgie in the lucky glass, with her plumes big enough to choke a dog, and there was the gas-man in his battered hat, and the Spider with his poor, crooked grin, and the Sport with the tattooed arm of John L. shriveled on his starved chest.

They had come up with him and they had come down with him, but John had eyes for nothing but the other John L. Sullivan. He put his maulers up, and up went the other John's maulers. The two of them squared off. They had eyes like smoldering charcoal pits.

"I'll put starch in his night-cap for him," John said.

"Arrah go on, you're only foolin'," Georgie laughed.

He wasn't fooling. He ducked his head and charged. But he forgot to take his hat off. The two of them butted hat to hat, and it was hard to say which was the better man, except that now there was only one John L. Sullivan, and he looking like the devil's own triumph in a welter of broken glass and tip-tilted In-

dians. His hat was down over his ears. He wrenched it off. There it was, smashed as flat as any common mortal's hat was ever smashed.

"I've smashed his hat for'm," said John.

"Sure you have, Johnnie," Georgie Droghan whimpered, and a shiver went through her to her heels.

"I've put a head on him, begorrah."

"You've given him enough, John."

"John's cut himself," Jigs squealed. In fact there was a trickle of blood on the great man's chin.

"What's this under foot?" John rumbled.

"It's nothing, Johnnie. Spider here will sweep it up," Georgie sobbed.

"It's glass is what it is . . . The mirror's broken," John muttered. He got hold of the tawny coil of Georgie's hair, and dragged it round her throat.

"Strangle me in my own hair and see if I care," Georgie murmured, falling close against him.

"It's in me now to think you're in Jim Corbett's pay, egging me on to break a mirror."

"You're talking through your hat, John."

"Wurrah the day. Me hat. It's smashed."

Sure enough, it was smashed flatter than a Congressman's purse after election.

"'Twas you that smashed it, John."

Georgie gave him a splendid look.

"What's all these killing glances?" says John, with Georgie's hair twined in his black-tufted fingers that could bend silver dollars like tallow. "Here, no sniveling."

"Sorra the day," Georgie sobbed. "It's a black-hearted girl I am, telling a pack of lies. It's no plaster-face like Gentleman Jim can get you with your feathers down. Him nor any other man."

"I've only got to hit him once, ain't I?"

"Just once is all."

"I'm still John L. Sullivan, ain't I?"

"Sure you are, Johnnie."

The image in the glass was shattered, but there was a better image there in

Droghan's eyes. That was the image of the mighty John of old, tall and straight as a shot tower, the John that was intended to be champion forever, with the twin bolts of lightning in his fists, the hair like black flames curling out from under his wrist-bands, and showing like a bear's pelt through the bay in his shirt.

"John," said Georgie, twisting on his arm, "there's such a thing as the pitcher going once too often to the well."

"The pitcher?" says John.

"The well," says Georgie. "And saying such a thing should be, John. Why, even if Corbett should—"

"I'll make a case for the coroner out of Corbett," John roared. He threw down his hat.

"Sure you will, Johnnie. Because there'll be three men of you in the ring that blessed night."

"Three men?" cried little Jigs. And even the gas man was interested.

"Three," Georgie said solemnly. She numbered them on her fingers. "There'll be John L. Sullivan and—John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett."

"That's two Sullivans then," said John L. Sullivan.

"There's two of any man, at your time of life, Johnnie. And may the better man win, is the heart's wish of me."

"And where will Mr. Corbett be?" asked Jigs.

"He'll be there, as big as life and twice as natural, my laddybuck," Georgie Droghan laughed. "But Sullivans will do the business. Sure, Johnnie, if any mither's son was going to lick John L. Sullivan, wouldn't it just have to be John L. Sullivan to do it?"

So it was she broke the force of the bitter blow before it fell, and paid him back for all his tender mercies. Those polecats of the press could argue it for twenty years, and still the victor would be Sullivan, in the shape of Barleycorn, even when Corbett had him with his feathers in the dust.

And John L. Sullivan saw the point. He tousled Georgie's hair.

"Haw, haw, haw!" he bellowed. "Gimme me hat, it's where I keep me brains."

Cajun Country

(Continued from page 25)

present. Yet despite being a proxy this witness somehow worked on the patient's conditioned reflex and there was astonishingly little blood lost. Call it auto-suggestion, hypnotism, call it what you will. These things happened."

He told me of nights spent in a pirogue,

a home-made boat, to reach his patients; he told me of the night he lost a boy-patient through typhoid after, apparently, the fever had abated; and how the relatives, with drawn dirks, gathered scowlingly around him, while the father ripped open a chicken and lay the still

quivering bloody thing on the boy's silent chest.

For moments, Doc Ballowe said, the room was as silent as the grave, as men bent their eyes on that chicken's bloody corpse. Suddenly the father turned to Doc Ballowe.

"You go now. Signs say you no kill my boy."

"I had been tried for my life," said Doc, "and if those entrails had given another message I would not be here now to tell you of it."

This was swell and I was just easing around to what Doc knew of Jean Lafitte when McCormick seized my arm and said, "It's time to move on."

"But—pirates—voodoos," I protested. "Hidden or buried treasure—"

Doc Ballowe laughed. "Buried treasure—forget it, my boy. If the pirates buried any treasure they dug it up and spent it before they died. Jean and Pierre Lafitte died in poverty. So did Dominick You. So did the others. If they had had buried treasure think you they would have gone hungry and ragged? Oh, I know men who go to Grand Isle to look and dig—but they find nothing—nor ever will."

And on that I was forcibly dragged away from this walking story book and hurried down the bank of the Bayou la Fourche; and before I got my mind off blood and pirates Roland was telling me that I was now traversing the longest street in the world—eighty miles from end to end and housewives close enough to call one to the other.

"The Cajuns had big families," McCormick explained, "and dividing the land among the heirs—by 'arpents' which is slightly less than an acre—the land lots narrowed in front but lengthened out. But rich land—look at the sugar cane!—that land will grow anything. And houses for eighty miles rubbing shoulders."

Well, as we rode along this lovely bayou beneath an arch of waving Spanish moss it seemed a good time to ask Linden Dalferes, the Service Officer, what good he was getting out of his correspondence school for service officers.

"This year," he told me, "I've got one hundred and ninety-five Post Service and Assistant Post Service Officers registered. And I've got Service Officers from other Departments registered—even as far away as Seattle, Washington. And as for doing good, listen, out of the two hundred and nineteen students I've graduated, most of them are or have taken the post graduate course."

"How else can a Post Service Officer stay on top of the swiftly changing rules and regulations? And without some such course to give him the proper answers to the problems facing him how can a Post Service Officer aid the disabled veteran in his district?"

I admitted he had something there.

"You know I have," said Linden. "Just have some Post Commander or newly appointed Service Officer ask himself this question: 'With procedure changing, and rules and rights changing, are there any veterans in my district who are not getting their rights because I don't know what procedure to follow even to get 'em into a hospital?' Any Post Service Officer or Post Commander who can't say he knows the answer to the above question

should be sending for my book. If he can later answer all the questions contained in that I'll give him the swellest certificate of graduation he ever had framed."

I agreed with him, and Linden told me that if any Post Service Officer or Post Commander anywhere in these United States wanted to send for his

correspondence course Linden Dalferes would take care of him. And he will. I want to mention one more fact about Linden Dalferes before I get dunked again into some Louisiana local color. We were continuing the talk about service work and its problems, and I happened to mention (Continued on page 52)

"MY STORE BLEW AWAY, *with me in it!*"

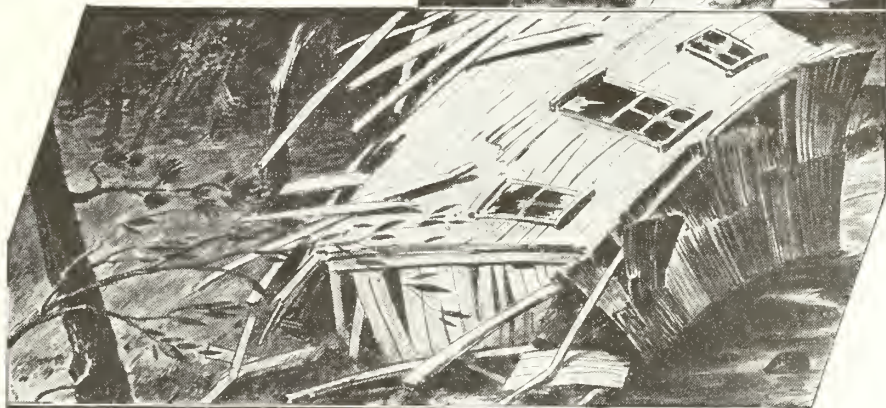
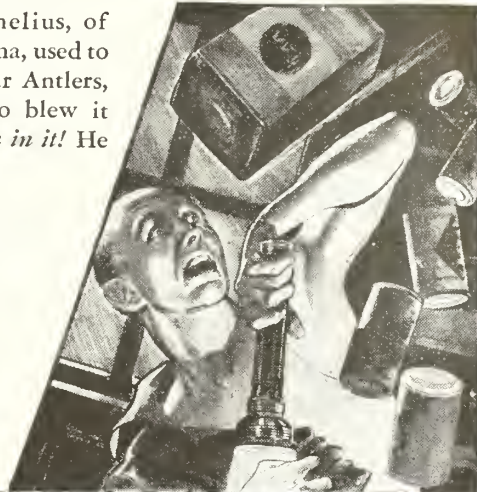
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② "At ten o'clock the night of June 9th, I was wakened by terrific thunder and lightning. I grabbed a flashlight and started pulling on my clothes. The howl of the wind became a scream. The store began to rock. An avalanche of merchandise tumbled from the shelves...and over she went!



③ "Something hit me and I went out like a light—but my flashlight didn't and I still hung on to it. My store landed 200 feet from its foundations, and then went on...

④ "...but it left me at the first stop. Neighbors who saw my store was gone started looking for me. They found me alive only because the 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries in my flashlight were still working. I lay battered and unconscious on the bank of a rapidly rising stream. A matter of minutes and I would have drowned. No two ways about it, I owe my life to 'Eveready' batteries, the kind that can take it!

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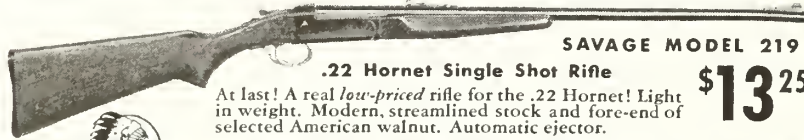


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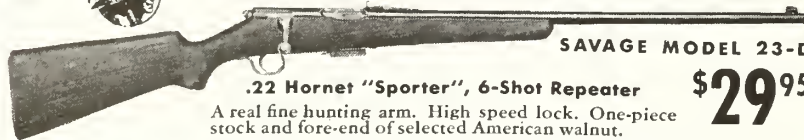


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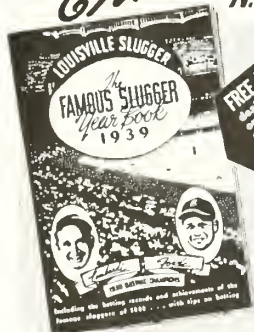
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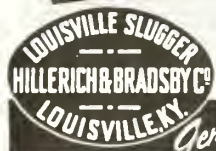


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Cajun Country

(Continued from page 51)

how Jim Burns, Wisconsin Department Service Officer, conducted a post "service night" during which each Legionnaire pledged himself to go to his local physician for a thorough physical examination. I remarked that this was a real service because Legionnaires later hospitalized in Veterans Administration Facilities, to have what were now minor ailments repaired, would have many more years of productivity in front of them. Adding more wealth to the country and happiness for themselves.

Dalferes gave me a quick, bright look and whipped out his notebook. "That," he said softly, "is one swell idea, and I can use it, and thanks for telling me."

It's always nice to meet a man who knows a good idea and wants to put it to work, and I was thinking about this quite happily when we pulled into a quaint, gentle village called St. Martinville.

I said, "Is this where I get the dope on the Legion school awards?"

"Later," said Roland. "Come on over to the co'thouse. I want you to meet Judge Walt Simon, who knows these Cajuns inside out."

That brought up the question often asked: What is the difference between a Creole and a Cajun? District Judge Walter Simon answered. He is a slim, urbane, youngish man, carrying himself with the erect carriage of the soldier. And young he is, too, having sat on the bench since he was twenty-eight years old, and the fourth Simon to hold the office.

It seems that Judge Simon, the Department Judge Advocate, is a story all by himself. His great grandfather, coming from Belgium, was the first judge at St. Martinville and left only to sit on the Louisiana Supreme Court. Then his grandfather assumed the office, which was later filled by his son, Walt Simon's father. At his death the Simon I was talking to resigned from the Legislature to be judge because, as they told me locally, "It wouldn't be right without a Simon sittin' in the co'thouse."

Well, to get back to the difference between a Cajun and a Creole, Judge Simon said, "Three classes of people originally settled Louisiana, the French colonist and émigré, the Spaniard, and the French-Canadians forcibly thrust out of Acadie, or Acadia if you want to Anglicize it. The intermarriage of the French and the Spanish produced the Creole; those who fled from Acadie, the Acadiens, became the Cajuns."

We stood chatting and smoking for a moment and then Judge Simon took my arm and said, "Let's go look at the Evangeline Oak. It's over here on the banks of the Bayou Teche."

"The one Longfellow wrote about?" I

queried. "Say, I studied that as a kid in school."

"You didn't learn all about it," grinned McCormick.

My curiosity aroused, I strolled across the pleasant street, so filled with sounds of the French tongue as to bring back memories of 1918. We rounded the charming little Church of St. Martin's that has stood here since the French owned Louisiana, skirted its solid walls, and stood at length staring at a vast and spreading live oak, hundreds of years old, whose polished green foliage dripped with the gray fleece of Spanish moss. Beyond the massive tree the still waters of the Bayou Teche reflected the dark shadow of the ancient tree, the bright hue of the sky, the meadowlands that rolled pleasantly from the other shore. It was quiet, placid, the only sound the quick flutter of wings as a mocking bird fled on our approach. Here, I knew, the Acadiens had landed in a search for a new freedom—and had found it.

"And here," said Judge Simon, quietly, "is where Evangeline is buried."

I turned at his request and looked into the shadow of the church wall. There was the silhouette of a girl in bodice and pointed colonial cap, restfully bent, as if quietly waiting, a girl in bronze so vividly sculptured she might have been watching the sinking sun.

This was the girl whose tragic story had inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to write his masterpiece. A drift of soft air rustled through the tree and waved the gray Spanish beard like a fan to blow aside the day's warmth. We were silent a moment.

Then Judge Simon said quietly, "Longfellow never came here, you know. He got all his material from my grandfather, who was a student in the class Longfellow taught in Harvard."

"Really!" I was astonished. "It seems to me Longfellow was supposed to have gotten the form from Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea, and the plot from Nathaniel Hawthorne's notebook."

"I've got the correspondence between Longfellow and my grandfather over at the house," said Judge Simon. "The real Evangeline was, of course, Emmeline La Biche, and the actual story my grandfather told Longfellow was her search for her lover, Louis Arcenaux. The correspondence antedates the publication of the poem by a year—Longfellow brought it out in 1845. You can see for yourself the myriad details he obtained."

It was too bad I couldn't, because here, without doubt, I had stumbled on some important literary history, but like the rest of this trip, just when I was deep in a subject, it was time to go somewhere else. Yet before leaving St. Martinville I came upon a curious fact worth recording.

In those days, as now, St. Martinville was a great producer of sugar cane and the planters were unbelievably wealthy, importing French opera for their amusement in the summer. And they tell of

one planter, wishing to give a memorable wedding, who imported thousands of spiders from France and placed them in the branches of the live oak so that they spun their webs to form a solid gray arch. And negro slaves sprinkled this, and the road beneath the feet of the bride and the groom, with gold and silver dust until it was, indeed, a walk through Fairyland.

St. Martinville isn't that rich now, but as McCormick said, "Everyone makes a living and still has time for his friends. And has time for such work as this, and he pointed to a very modern schoolhouse where was to be this day a speaker from the district to talk on the Legion school award.

"Organization is what makes it possible for us to distribute 550 school awards a year," McCormick said. "For one thing we have the Legionnaire Schoolmasters' Club, with more than 200 members, all of them Legionnaires teaching in this State. That brings coöperation and no friction, and two meetings a year keep everyone informed and pepped up. Then we have the State divided into eight districts, each with a vice-president to conduct the elimination contest for winners in his district. We had two hundred and fifty boys in the junior and senior classes competing last year. High school boys, of course, because we believe that you can develop American ideals in youths of high school age more effectively than in younger children.

"We get out bulletins as early as November 1st to 375 principals of public and private schools, and set out just how the winner in that school is to be chosen. That is to say, that the pupils will grade each other, the teachers will grade the pupils, and the adding of the two averages, then divided, will give the final standing of the pupil on which he wins or loses. We give the award with a real ceremony, colors, Legion speaker, and other formalities. And that makes an impression."

He waved toward the children who chattered in French as if they had never known English.

"Don't fool yourself," said McCormick, "they know English, and they know Americanism. Why the Louisiana State University is starting classes to retain the old folk customs and speech that is gradually being lost. That's part of their heritage, and they love all of this country with a fierce, deep affection."

We had turned back toward New Orleans now, and against the sunset was the loom of the vast live oaks; and the land stretched away, in twilight now, a soft and quiet land, gentle yet rich, dying, yet eternal.

McCormick sighed. "A great land and a fine people, as patriotic as any man can be who loves the soil and to make things grow from it."

Under the spell of the twilight we were silent, and rode along in the grip of a soft night. The (Continued on page 54)

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Cajun Country

(Continued from page 53)

Mississippi passed under us, we swung through Baton Rouge and headed south on the east bank. Presently, on my right, a series of lights glowed like illuminated pearls.

Louis McCormick waved his hand. "Carville, where the leprosarium is," he explained. "Boy, when I think of what that place was, a fire-trap, no hospital, and malaria raising hell in the summer and pneumonia in the winter I can appreciate what the Legion did all by itself."

"You mean?" I asked.

"They've got a million-and-a-half-dollar appropriation to build a new and modern leprosarium that will be a model for the world. And I'm throwing no bouquets when I tell you that nobody ever

went to the leprosarium, nobody ever took any interest, until the Legion founded a Post of veterans who had contracted leprosy in the service. You can put it in the book we did that."

He leaned back again, sighed. "Roland, remind me to see Alcee about the delegation to Washington for our new Veterans Administration Facility. We've got to have it. Think of seven hundred and sixteen of our Louisiana boys hospitalized away from this fine country. Think of eight to ten disabled veterans going to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans rather than be hospitalized out of the State by the Veterans Administration."

He sighed again. "And I've got to see

Bruce about the unemployment campaign—can't have veterans without a job. And let's see, there's that district meeting. I want to put the membership over thirteen thousand this time because the bigger we are the easier it is to get something done. Only," he sighed heavily, "golly, what a lot to do and what a brief little year to get it all done in. I figure when my tour of duty is up I'm going to sleep for a solid week."

A few minutes later Roland nudged me. Louis was catching a nap before he drove fifty miles more for a district meeting. Maybe it's that kind of push that's put Louisiana among the Big Ten, and kept her there continuously for ten years. It's certainly a great Department.

Eyes South

(Continued from page 17)

barrage of propaganda and political pressure is now being prepared by the dictators to launch against American interests in our own hemisphere. Recently Field Marshal Goering's newspaper, the *Essener National-Zeitung*, jubilantly announced that Franco's triumph would "reduce American hegemony in the Western Hemisphere to a mass of ruins."

The mouthpiece of nazi Number 2 hailed the growth of totalitarianism and anti-Semitism throughout Latin America. With Spain won, it added, these conceptions would "overflow and reshape both the internal and foreign political structure of the New World. The pantomime of Good Neighborliness then will have been played in vain. That is why the Jews in the White House have such a burning interest in the Spanish civil war . . . A decision in Spain will bring American decisions in its wake. If true Spanish culture and tradition is lost, the American continent is more or less surrendered to the influence of the Yankees and Muscovites who march arm in arm, especially in the New World."

Hitler and Mussolini are already using Franco's Spain as a training ground for propagandists who will be sent in increasing numbers from the motherland of eighteen Latin American countries to swing them into the totalitarian line-up, against the United States and our ideal of democracy. No wonder Goering's newspaper cries that "a National Spain means national consciousness for all Latin America." And when the nazis say "national consciousness" they mean the same kind they have imposed upon 88,000,000 people in Germany and Central Europe.

It all means that we're more "on the

spot" in South America than we've ever been before, and the mortal enemies of our own system of government and credo of living have a long lead on us. What are we going to do about it? And what can we do?

TO SAVE Brazil from nazi clutches we closed a series of commercial and financial agreements with her foreign minister, Dr. Aranha, in Washington on March 9th. These American credits to Brazil may run up to \$120,000,000. The deal may not be fool-proof, but it offers us the chance of recapturing our trade position in that strategically vital country and it repulses Germany's inroads in a huge territory which is absolutely essential to us.

In this sense this new departure of the Roosevelt Administration is political realism of the first order—and without realism we'll never repulse the nazi-fascist offensive in our own western hemisphere.

I don't pretend to know everything that we should do to save Latin America from "Hit and Muss" bubonic plague, but I have a few ideas. From my observations at Lima and contacts with high Washington officials I know that our Government sees the size of the problem and recognizes clearly the peril. I fear, however, that—like all democracies—we move with dangerous slowness and that we're inclined to use rifles while the opposition is already operating with howitzers.

We do not fight back with a well-organized and formidable program. We do not wake up our public opinion to all that is at stake. We don't enlist our press from coast to coast. We don't hammer the un-

pleasant truth into our taxpayers' ears by radio, week after week. We have not formed a National Council of Latin American experts and business men and publicity advisers to confer with State Department and other government officials and work out a coordinated plan—the most practical plan available—for a defense of all American interests, coupled with a defense of democratic institutions, throughout the Western Hemisphere.

Until now we have spent a million dollars while the nazi-fascists were spending ten millions—and, quite as important, an ounce of effort while Hitler's and Mussolini's agents in Latin America were expending a pound of effort to head us off.

Maybe you think I'm a Yankee imperialist. No, I didn't get up any enthusiasm for occupying Nicaragua or Haiti with Marines, and I know that some of our most exploitive American promoters have made a decidedly bad name for themselves—and for us—in some parts of Latin America. But personally I can't see why past mistakes or abuses should be any excuse for our surrendering any part of this hemisphere to the intolerable creeds and methods of conduct of Hitler & Mussolini, Inc. If we want to keep America free, we've got to keep all the Americas free! And we can't do it with spit-balls, whether spit-balls of prestige or spit-balls of trade relationships, or even of lead.

If we're going to keep our Western Hemisphere free of totalitarian death, I'm convinced we've got to wake up as to how the Hit-and-Muss boys are pushing us around in Good Neighborland. And we've got to have a Plan—a BIG PLAN—and one that everybody in the United States knows about, understands and

subscribes to with enthusiasm. If you think this is being alarmist, just look at what was once Austria and Czechoslovakia and Albania—and look at Hun-

gary, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia today. Give em an inch, buddy, and they take half the map. And for us the map of all Latin America means Something!

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

In his annual message to the Congress, on December 2, 1823, President James Monroe penned the words which for every American have made his fame secure, for those words, guaranteeing the newly-formed governments of South America from interference on the part of Europe, have more and more become an insurance policy of peace for this hemisphere. It is interesting to note that this basic statement of the attitude of the United States was not implemented by any action of the Congress.

Four men who filled the office of President had a part in its promulgation. Monroe sought the advice of former Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and his Secretary of State, who is generally given the major credit for the document's birth, was John Quincy Adams, Monroe's successor in the Presidency.

So was born the Monroe Doctrine. It is as much a part of the American creed as the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution. And here it is.

THE citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

Watchtowers of Americanism

(Continued from page 33)

Members of Harvey Seeds Post, of Miami, Florida, recently added a new benefaction and a new service to their already fine record by the presentation of an iron lung to Jackson Memorial Hospital in their home city. But the outstanding accomplishment of the month is reported from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where the members of the Frederick D. and Irving S. Clair Post presented two iron lungs to two Philadelphia hospitals as part of their celebration of the twentieth anniversary of The American Legion. As a result of this fine public benefaction the Legionnaires of Philadelphia have opened a campaign to present

at least one iron lung to every hospital in their city. "An iron lung for every Philadelphia hospital by March, 1940" has been adopted as the slogan for their drive.

A story, which may well be emulated by other Legion Posts, is told by Meyer A. Abrams, Commander of the F. D. and I. S. Clair Post. "Day after day and week after week our boys," said Commander Abrams, "worked to make the affair a success. We started out with plans to buy but one respirator. Funds came in slowly. For a while we feared that we would barely be able to meet the expense. Then, three (Continued on page 56)

COULD I WRITE A BOOK ABOUT WORMS!



I've whelped five families in my day — and sure as death and taxes, they've all had worms! But the Master's a great help on that score.



"Worms!" he says, looking up from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "That means Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES." So we dose the pups and the worm score's over. Those capsules work — just the way SURE-SHOT CAPSULES clean me out!



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Watchtowers of Americanism

(Continued from page 55)



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days before the drive closed, a special meeting was called, and I pleaded with our fellows to come across.

"Then came the big day. Sam Livingston, who lived and slept with the vision of an iron lung always before him, called me at six in the morning and told me to have the second iron lung ready by that night; there was money enough to pay for both. That explains why the Northern Liberties and the Women's Homeopathic Hospitals in our city now have their respirators right on hand and ready for instant use.

"It is no use for me to single out any member of the Post to whom praise belongs," he continues. "But in all justice I must say that without the efforts of the Chairman, Judge Theodore Rosen, and Sam Livingston, the iron lung would still be a dream. Of course we will plunge into the city-wide campaign, assuring our comrades that what Clair Post did once it can and will do again."

In addition to the iron lungs it has been announced that several oxygen tents will be purchased and presented to city hospitals.

Mortgage Burners

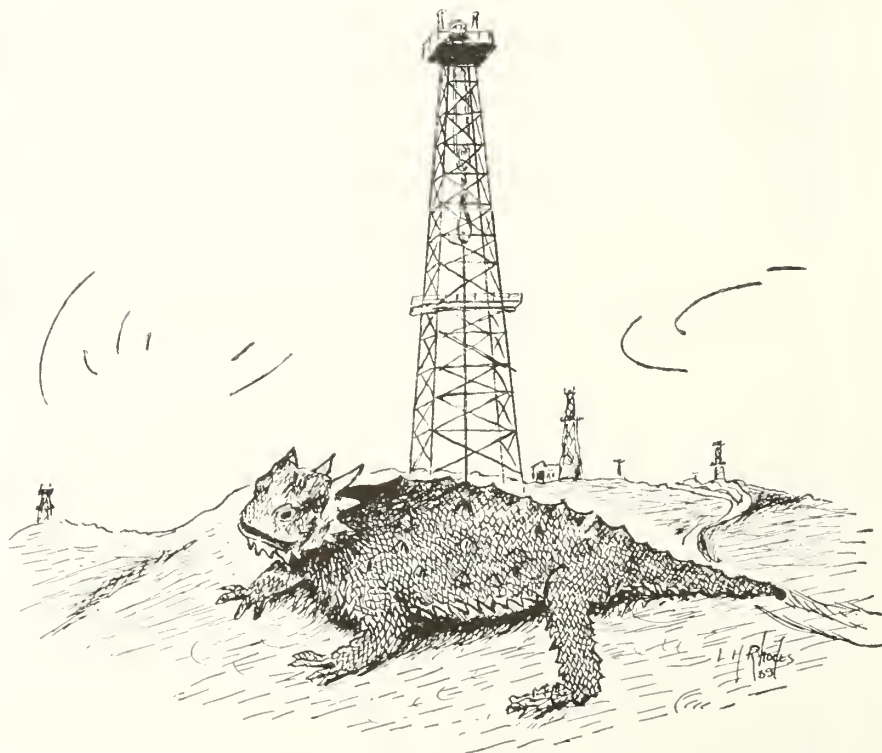
IT'S A gr-r-r-and glorious feeling to strike off the shackles of debt. That's why the members of Rochester (New Hampshire) Post held a double celebration on the Legion's birthday—to ob-

serve the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Legion and to jubilate over the last payment on the rebuilding of their club home. A bit of incendiarism was one of the events of the evening when Commander Forrest Davis and Adjutant Edward Joblonski, with due ceremony, burned the old mortgage to ashes. Rochester Post took over the old city stables on a one-dollar-a-year, ninety-nine year lease plan, then converted the building into an attractive, comfortable and fully adequate club home, now debt free.

Down in an Iron Mine

EVELETH (Minnesota) Post takes top honors for an unusual, not to say unique, birthday party, when one hundred and forty members of the Legion and Auxiliary celebrated the twentieth anniversary in an underground theater. And underground is meant, with emphasis on the under—two hundred and fifty feet of it. The setting was the Spruce Mine, near Eveleth, which is reputed to have the only underground theater in the world—an old pumphouse approximately twenty by seventy-five feet in size which was converted into a theater about twelve years ago for the purpose of showing safety pictures to the miners.

The Legionnaires and Auxiliaries were lowered in a miner's cage twenty-five at a time and each party was met by officers



"Salutin' Demon," winner of the 1938 California Horned Toad derby, pride of Coalinga (California) Post stable, and the favorite for the 1939 event to be held June 24th

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

of the Oliver Mining Company, owners of the property, who made them welcome and escorted them to the scene of the festivities. Past Department Commander Ben Andreen was the speaker of the evening. Dr. J. A. Miller, Post Adjutant, expresses the opinion that the Eveleth Post birthday party holds the record for unique surroundings and will yield the flag only to a Post that held its meeting in a submarine or up in the air in a blimp.

Legion Shorts

INYO Post, Bishop, California, has set up a trophy for competition in the

annual Inyo-Mono ski meet, which is awarded to the winner of the men's cross-country ski race. Residents of Inyo and Mono Counties are eligible to enter this race which is run on a course of three and one-half miles over rolling foothill country. David R. McCoy, of Bishop, is the 1939 winner . . . Post Commander J. V. Byrne, of Hall and Moriarty Post, St. Michael's, Pennsylvania, writes that Posts of the Twentieth Pennsylvania District observed the fiftieth anniversary of the Johnstown flood at St. Michael's on May 29th.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Extra: Short Wave Wins!

(Continued from page 21)

Reichstag answering President Roosevelt's proposal of a non-aggression compact, the Reich short-wave stations began broadcasting programs in Arabic and in Afrikaans. The first named was designed to make things tougher for Britain in the Holy Land, where Arabs and Jews clash frequently, the other to stir up nationalistic feelings in the breasts of the Boers of South Africa, whom the German Kaiser was wont to encourage, around the turn of the century, in their fight against British rule. In March the nazis, nettled at the London broadcasts in the German language that were being received in the Reich, began sending programs in English, largely news bulletins with nazi coloring, into the British Isles from stations in Cologne and Hamburg. In April they added a second news broadcast in English.

What of the full-fledged warfare which might break out on the air, with democratic and totalitarian stations striving to bracket and blanket and blot each other out? As to that, you may be surprised to know that a couple of compacts still are holding. International short wave broadcasting is governed by provisions of the Madrid Treaty of 1932 and the Treaty of Cairo of 1938 under which frequencies are distributed among the nations. What little interference there has been thus far has been adjusted. While in the event of a war there undoubtedly would be attempts at blanketing, in broadcasting stations, as in navies, the democracies hold the preponderance of power over the axis. Peacetime exchanges of radio fire parallel that quaint custom of the World War when our artillery shot at their infantry and vice versa, but there was no great amount of counter-battery except in a big attack. Or when bombers of both sides passed up the other fellow's G.H.Q. and went and laid their eggs on railheads or ammunition dumps.

And here is a parallel with the late conflict in Spain. Clashes on the air waves today take place largely in neutral lands.

For instance, we and the Germans are most heavily engaged in Latin America; in fact, it was Teuton activity there (the Italians recently signed off on the ground of expense) that prompted our short-wave counter-action.

News is presented on our Latin American beam in an unbiased, straightforward manner, since it is felt that propaganda ultimately would defeat itself. Music in wide variety is broadcast, and talks on American industry and agriculture, supplemented with practical information designed to be of service to Latin-American farms and factories. We play ball with the boys down there nowadays, and it's a wise policy.

German opposition in that quarter snorts at the Monroe Doctrine with programs including the following: Opening announcements in German, Spanish, and Portuguese; songs in German by a male quartet; press bulletins; dance music including rumbas; bedtime stories in German for "little and big" children; market quotations on coffee; citations from U. S. news favorable to the Reich; concert by German army band; talk on portable kitchens in the Sudeten; humorous sketch in Spanish performed by cast of German and Latin-American actors, and—here comes the dirty work!—a talk in Spanish on the Jewish "Purim" feast, describing the "treacherous" slaughter by the Jews of thousands of innocent Persians ages ago. And what should the nazi bands end up with but a stirring rendition of "Deutschland Uber Alles" and the "Horst Wessel Song."

So the short-wave tide rolls out. Fan mail ebbs back to our stations from all over the world. The bulk received by C.B.S. is from Great Britain and its dominions. Included are homesick letters from American World War veterans in the British Isles and in India. Germans write in appreciation of news broadcasts in English. Many of the letter writers, feeling shaky about their English, say, "Please correct my grammar in your reply." (Continued on page 58)



Rust, scale and sediment accumulate in the delicate veins of a car radiator. Water circulates poorly. The car overheats. Power is lost. And you may be heading for expensive trouble.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Extra: Short Wave Wins!

(Continued from page 57)

N.B.C. garners three thousand letters a month, from more than eighty countries, colonies, protectorates, and islands. One was from a group of six political exiles in Yugoslavia, who finding many lands unwilling to accept them, have bought a small boat to sail to Australia and wish to keep in touch by radio with world events. A medical officer in the Belgian Congo wrote to compliment Secretary Hull's speech. A listener in Central Africa expressed gratitude for a source of news not stifled by censorship. An Alaskan, seventy-five miles north of the Arctic Circle, praised the clear reception of a program intended for English-speaking people in Latin America; others write they received that same program in China. The largest school in Cuba puts an N.B.C. news program in Spanish on its loud-speakers daily for the whole student body. An Argentinean station rebroadcasts it every day in the year for local listeners with high frequency sets. In the United States, by the way, the foreign language programs often are picked up in schools for study of the several tongues.

A curious sidelight is the fact that N.B.C.'s fan mail has endowed it with a magnificent stamp collection, air mail and otherwise. Out of this has grown a special broadcast in Spanish on stamps and also the inspiration that a fair return in kind should be made. Therefore the company, in acknowledging its letters from listeners, no longer puts envelopes through a machine which prints a postal permit on them. Pains are taken to affix postage stamps, particularly those of special issues. That practice is held out as an inducement for fan mail and it works like a charm. Also stamp collectors, young and old, write in and make swaps.

Spanish translators for C.B.S. face tough problems in translating American song titles for South American audiences. "You Leave Me Breathless" had to be rendered, "You Leave Me Without Respiration." Tokens of gratitude sent Columbia by foreign listeners have included Irish shamrock and Scotch shortbread. In the latter case the correspondent said he wished he could have sent Scotch whiskey instead. So did Columbia.

The N. B. C. International Division, mentioned earlier, numbers several Americans in its personnel. The Division is headed by Maj. Frank E. Mason, once intelligence officer of the Ninth Infantry, Second Division, chief censor at advanced G.H.Q., and military observer

correspondent, he selects the news for broadcast. At times he steps up to the microphone himself and, since there are undoubtedly officers of some nationality in the invisible audience, executes that celebrated and ultra-snappy salute of his. Come television, the image of Boz Haw-

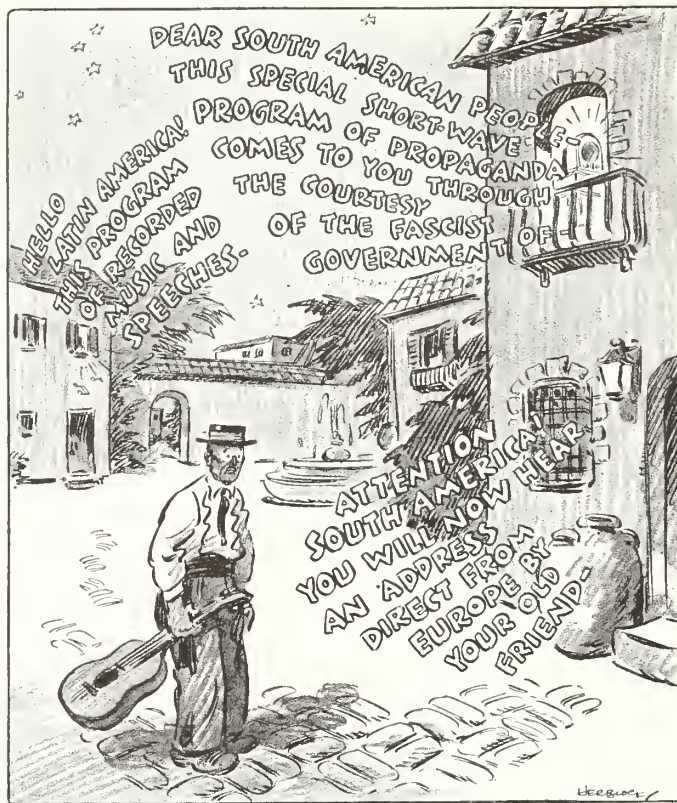
ley, heels clicking and hand swept up to denuded brow, will astound and gratify commissioned personnel from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand.

Chief of the Spanish section is Charles R. Carvajal, an American born in the Philippines; he once was an officer on an Army transport. The Division's greatest linguist is Philip L. Barbour, who, besides a command of Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese, and German, can read and understand Latin, Greek, Dutch, Sanskrit, Hungarian, Czech, and Serbian. Personnel includes an explorer, a cowboy, an archeologist, and an ex-Follies girl. Such are the gifted in tongues who translate and broadcast daily. Nor should it be forgotten that many an American news despatch, destined for the British Empire, also needs translation. It may be couched in the best phraseology of the Associated or United Press; yet there are often words which must be shifted from American into the King's English. The men and women of the Division

not only keep its regular schedule but can swing into rapid action in an emergency such as arose with President Roosevelt's April speeches and messages.

The Division has registered, as we used to say in the artillery, and the range and other data are correct. But when it passes into fire for effect, is it getting any—particularly in the German sector where censorship is as tough a proposition as the barbed wire and concrete emplacements of yore?

THE rise of international broadcasting impresses the miracle of radio upon us anew. That "all the world's a stage" is as true now as when Shakespeare said it, and today we all may sit among the audience of its tense dramas. Though, pending the further development of television, the players for the most part remain unseen, they all but stand before us, so plainly do the tones of their voices project their personalities.



How the wooing of South America by various nations via short wave has affected an old Spanish custom is shown in this cartoon by Herb Block of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, titled "Serenade in the Night"

at Berlin. Now he's shooting Berlin censorship full of holes. Guy C. Hickok, director of programs, was a World War correspondent and spent fifteen years abroad as a newspaperman. Major John H. Marsching was a Second Division staff officer and served at Arras, Belleau Wood, and Vaux; later he was senior instructor in German at the Army Intelligence School at Langres. As chief of the Division's German section, Marsching can be termed the spearhead of the attack.

On the post as news editor of the Division is a veteran whose figure with its famed gesture is familiar to every reader of this magazine—the Saluting Demon of the A. E. F., none other than Hudson R. Hawley. The rat-tat-tat of news teletype machines clattering at his elbow is as nothing to this former machine-gunner. With discrimination learned as a member of the wartime *Stars and Stripes* staff and in eighteen years in Europe as a

Imagination may vividly paint their stage setting, as crowd noises, band music, and other sounds are brought to us thousands of miles through the air. Time differences and the confusion of tongues are as negligible as space. A speech in a foreign language, made at an hour when it would reach us at 3 A.M. if directly broadcast, is recorded, translated and re-broadcast at moments convenient for its

reception in all quarters of the globe. Opportunities for ignorance and misunderstanding to work their harm are vastly lessened. The sudden, secret stroke is often known as soon as it has been executed.

The curtain's up, the show is on. Is the microphone mightier than the sword? That is a hope to which the world in these parlous times may cling.

AS THE NAZI SHORT WAVE SEES US

The following quotations are from the English-language news broadcast by the Berlin short-wave stations on April 14, 1939, eight and one-half hours after President Roosevelt had addressed the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union, and five and one-half hours after N.B.C. had broadcast its German translation into Germany by short wave. Note the germ of truth used to reach wholly false conclusions.

... While the Fuehrer and the Duce are courageously endeavoring to replace by a new, just order the chaos created by the western democracies, President Roosevelt tries to support a shattered front with his agitation. . . . President Roosevelt presents the Pan-American Union. . . . Allegedly peace and concord have always prevailed among the American nations. . . . One wonders how the head of the state could talk such nonsense, above all, if one recalls that the United States have carried out no fewer than sixty-nine invasions of Latin-American countries in the last forty years alone. . . . Roosevelt has promised Canada military assistance . . . the only country that ever wished to annex Canada was the United States itself. . . . He has dramatically promised to the American nations the economic protection of the United States . . . the control of the usual Jewish financiers of New York.

President Roosevelt's reference to the Huns and Vandals is an especially impudent outburst . . . the Indians could tell a lot of things. . . . President Roosevelt wishes to open a holy crusade against Germany . . . for this reason American officials must run around in gas masks and war paint to make the American people shudder with fright.

The First First Call

(Continued from page 36)

names inscribed on the marker show fairly distinctly in the picture, I am listing them as they appear: Lieut. John Norman, E. Sullivan, M. Ahearn, P. Britt, W. Drain, W. Ellinger, M. Galvin, J. Haspel, A. Hegney, E. Kearney, C. Lugisland, F. Meagher, W. Moylan, W. Sage and R. Snyder.

"After I arrived home in the States, I visited or wrote to the relatives of the boys who had been killed in the dugout and sent them copies of the pictures. The heartfelt appreciation they expressed, some in person and some by letter, will be forever remembered by me and the letters will be held and cherished for all time.

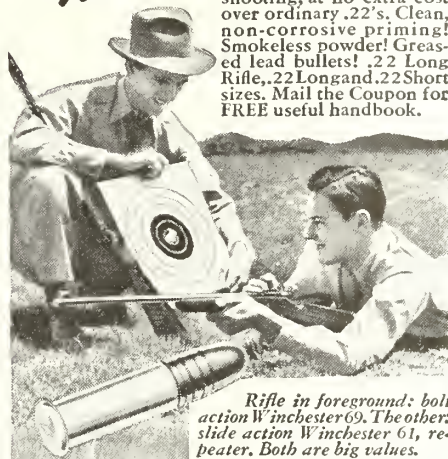
"My efforts to secure authentic facts covering the disaster extended over a long period of time during which I interviewed many men of the old regiment, among them the late Chaplain Duffy and Colonel Anderson. One member, Tom Gaffney, an old friend, advised me by letter on April 7, 1922, that the Graves Committee of the old 69th Regiment made report that the bodies were disinterred after my visit to the dugout

and to the Croismare cemetery, and buried in an American cemetery in France. The Adjutant General's Office advised me that my brother's remains were also removed to the American cemetery. Personally I regret the transfer, especially of the bodies that were in the dugout."

In checking the names on the marble marker with those supplied by Mr. Helmer in his account in the January, 1939, issue, we discovered that he had not included in his roster the names of A. Hegney and E. Kearney. We referred to "Father Duffy's Story" which was written by Chaplain Francis P. Duffy and published in 1919, and learned that immediately before the tragedy that took twenty-one lives, a smaller dugout nearby had suffered a direct hit from a shell and two signal men from Headquarters Company of the 165th Infantry, Arthur Hegney and Edward Kearney, were killed. Lieutenant Norman was in the dugout with these two men and barely extricated himself from the debris. While inspecting the larger dugout alongside, he lost his life. (Continued on page 60)

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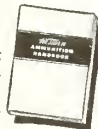
and how!



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The First First Call

(Continued from page 59)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

777 N. Meridian Street
Indianapolis Indiana

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of poisonous waste.

When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

WARTIME or no wartime, it isn't a pleasant experience to be forced to get off a big ship and pile into lifeboats or hang onto rafts, hoping that fate might decree that some vessel be close enough to pick you up. And such experiences during the war weren't always chargeable to attacks by U-boats—accidents played their part, too. For instance, there is the case of the U. S. Transport *Graf Waldersee* of which we received a picture from Legionnaire William Freeman of Edward L. Cossette Post of Hurley, Wisconsin, whose address is Lock Box 472, Montreal, Wisconsin. The picture is reproduced on page 36 and shows some of the crew in lifeboats, while a tug stands by the stricken vessel.

Comrade Freeman admits his recollection of this incident is rather vague, but he gives this story:

"The enclosed picture is of the U. S. Transport *Graf Waldersee*. All I can remember is that we were going back to Brest, France, to get another shipload of troops. We left Hoboken in the afternoon of June 20, 1919, I think it was, and got rammed that night in the fog off of New York.

"Now I would like to know what ship rammed us, and I'd like to get a little more dope on it from some of my old shipmates. I was fireman 1cl, Section Two, on this ship. The ship was put into commission in Brest, France, after the Armistice and if I remember rightly, most of the crew came from the U. S. S. *Carola* shore station at Brest. So let's hear from the old gang. Some said at the time it was the S. S. *Redondo*, English ship, that hit us. I think it was the U. S. S. *Patricia* or the *Pretoria* that took us in tow. Some of our crew were taken aboard this rescue ship, while others got left in the life boats—later returned to the *Graf*.

"They beached the *Graf Waldersee* off New York some place and put the crew right back on her. Navy lighters and tug boats came alongside and divers went down and patched up the hole in our side. They pumped out the water and, boy, did we have a job on our hands to clean up below decks. They then towed us to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs."

The Company Clerk did some research in the Legion Magazine library and found this account in the Annual Report of the Chief of Transportation Service to the Secretary of War covering the fiscal year 1919:

The Army transport *Graf Waldersee*, a chartered German passenger ship bound for France with eight military passengers, was rammed by the S. S. *Redondo* during a fog off Fire Island on June 11, 1919. At the time, she was going at slow speed ahead and whistles were blowing from time to time on account of the fog. A general alarm was

sounded calling all the men on deck. Collision mats were thrown over the side and sailors stood by with lifeboats. The *Redondo* had struck about midships, crashing into the *Graf Waldersee's* port side to a depth of about 4 feet, cutting one hole of about 8 feet square and two about 2 feet square; connected together by an irregular crack in the plating; this injury extended from the waterway to the main deck to the turn of the bilge, through a hole in the coal bunker, the water rushing through the bulkhead into the engine room. The holes in the vessel's side were under the water line and men were quickly stationed at the steam pumps below. . . .

The *Patricia* was the first ship to come to the assistance of the *Graf Waldersee*, arriving in about three-quarters of an hour and taking aboard all the men who had been lowered in lifeboats. The *Patricia* towed her to a point off Long Beach (New York), where she was beached to save the vessel. . . .

The *Graf Waldersee* was floated at 3:45 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th and was towed into New York Harbor by four tugs. The vessel was promptly repaired and again put in service.

No lives were lost and no one was injured.

WHEN this department had the honor and pleasure of interviewing Mrs. James Morris, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, to obtain material for Mrs. Morris's biography, among other interesting things learned was the fact that while Jim (now Judge) Morris was in training with the 338th Field Artillery in Camp Dodge, Iowa, Mrs. Morris spent the winter of 1917-1918 at the Camp. As a special privilege, Mrs. Morris, a bride of less than a year, was permitted to live in the Hostess House at Camp Dodge.

Subsequent correspondence with the National President, before her story appeared in the Legion Magazine, developed an incident that we felt made Mrs. Morris eligible for membership in our Then and Now Gang. She is the first National President admitted to membership. See if you don't agree that her account warrants admittance—and we hope we'll locate the bride referred to:

"In connection with my staying at the Camp Dodge Hostess House during the winter of 1917-1918, I forgot to tell you so many interesting things. The Judge suggested that I tell you this story:

"One night while I was living there, a young girl came to the Hostess House with her Dad to tell her sweetheart goodbye—she had a hunch he would be leaving soon for France. As a matter of fact, she discovered he would leave that midnight, so they decided to be married at once.

"We scurried around, moved all the plants and the piano into a small parlor, got a minister, and had everything homey for her wedding. When it was almost

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

time for the ceremony, they discovered they had forgotten all about a wedding ring and she was in tears; but there was not sufficient time to go in to Des Moines to purchase a ring.

"I told her she could be married with my ring and give it back to me after the ceremony. Never shall I forget how horrid the soldier's captain was—stuffed shirt, if you ask me—to think I'd take my wedding ring off my finger; his wife had never had hers off! Neither had I, but who would quibble at such a time?"

"But just the same, the gal was married with my ring and I have wondered so often—I lost her name and address in the wartime shuffle—if her husband ever returned and what has become of them. There were many funny and tragic things that occurred during that winter at Camp Dodge—but it isn't every girl who has had another couple married with her wedding ring."

ATTENTION! Veterans outfits that intend to hold reunions in Chicago, September 25th to 28th, in conjunction with the Legion National Convention, are hereby advised that Stanley R. McNeill has been appointed Chairman of the Convention Reunions Committee. Comrade McNeill and his committee stand ready to cooperate with all veterans groups making preparations for reunions by obtaining reservations for meeting places and furnishing information as to banquets, luncheons, entertainments or whatever form the reunion may take. Legionnaires in charge of reunions should report their meetings to Chairman McNeill, and can address him at The American Legion 1939 Convention Corporation of Chicago headquarters in the Morrison Hotel, Madison and Clark Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

Detailed information of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

Soc. of 1st Div., A. E. F.—19th annual reunion and banquet. Hq., Room 107, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Sept. 23-24. Early registration advisable. Herman R. Dorf, gen. chmn., Post Comdr., Cantigny Post, A. L., Room 107, Hotel Sherman, Chicago.
2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F.—Natl. reunion banquet, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. George V. Gordon, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.
6th Div. Assoc.—Write for *Sightseer* and details of natl. organization and reunion. Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.
Soc. of 20th Div.—Proposed reunion (including previously announced 48th & 89th Inf. vets. reunion.) Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

26th Div.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26. Chicago YD Club will open Hq. in a Loop hotel. Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

38th Div. Vets. Assoc.—Organized at Los Angeles, 1938. Reunion in Chicago. Report to J. F. Heim, organ. director, 10515 Croesus av., Los Angeles, Calif., if interested in organizing local Cyclone Club.

80th Div. Vets. Assoc.—Reunion dinner, Chicago. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

82d Div. Assoc., Western Assoc.—Proposed convention reunion, Chicago. Vets residing west of Mississippi River report to Paul W. Tilley, actg. comdr., 11221 W. 88th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

85th Div. Assoc.—Permanent organization and Chicago reunion. Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee, Wis.

41st Inf.—Reunion of all vets. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

46th Inf., Cos. A, B, C & D—5th reunion. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill., or I. G. Gordon Forster, 502 Liberty Trust bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

4th Inf. C. O. T. S., 1st Co., 2d Bn., Camp Pike—Proposed reunion and organization. L. C. Howe, 8941 Bishop st., Chicago.

9th F. A.—Proposed reunion. Write W. F. Oberlies, 95th & Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

Bttny. C. 62d C. A. C. (Puesidio)—Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

BTRY. C. 67th C. A. C.; 7th Co. (Pt. Winfield Scott); 4th & 45th Prov. Cos. (Puesidio)—G. D. Nolan, 372 Bridge Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES. C & D, 4th & 5th Regts. F. A. R. D., Camp Taylor—Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Ill.

ARMY ART. PARK, 1st Army—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago.

Co. C, 1st AMB. TRN., 1st Div.—Proposed reunion. Jacob G. Wagner, Box 12, Monterey, Ind. Co. E, 4th AMB. TRN.—Reunion. Write Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Nine st., Ottumwa, Iowa.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Permanent organization. Convention reunion. Report to R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

BTRY. A, 2d TRENCH MORTAR BN.—Proposed reunion. Arthur W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Natl. convention reunion, Chicago. E. J. Price, chmn., 130 N. Wells st., Chicago. Vets interested in organizing local Battalions, write Claude J. Harris, organ. dir., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

14th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. Hq. Mezzanine Floor, Auditorium Hotel, Michigan blvd. & Congress st., Chicago. A. G. Grant, chmn., 8018 Evesen av., Chicago.

17th ENGRS. (HY.) Assoc.—Reunion. Write Mark W. Van Sickle, secy.-treas., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

23d ENGRS. Assoc.—Write H. H. Siddall, pres., 5440 Ridgewood Court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

35th ENGRS.—Reunion of car builders. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39th ENGRS.—15th annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Charles M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago.

60th RY. ENGRS. and AUXILIARY—8th annual reunion. Hq. open Sun., Sept. 24. D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

61st ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC. (57-58-59 R. T. C.)—2d reunion. Edward M. Soboda, secy.-treas., 1617 W. Hopkins st., Milwaukee, Wis.

314th F. S. BN. Assoc.—21st annual reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Sat., Sept. 23. Make early reservation with A. J. Tichy, secy., 2117 S. East av., Berwyn, Ill.

415th SIG. CORPS BN. Assoc.—Reunion hq. in Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. Hq. at Congress Hotel, Chicago. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago.

31st BALLOON CO.—Reunion with Legion and NAABCV. John C. Eidt, 4317 37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

17th & 148th AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Harold E. Young, 2912 Field, Detroit, Mich.

32d AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. Geo. M. Haag, 152 E. Main st., Boca, N. J.

120th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Vets write to W. J. Callaghan, 418 5th av., N., Great Falls, Mont.

150th AERO SQDRN. (Continued on page 62)

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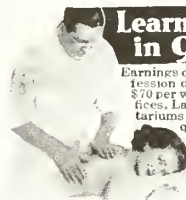
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LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.
STARR G. COOPER, St. Petersburg (Florida) Post.
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
WILLIAM NELSON MORELL, Lincoln Post, Bethesda, Maryland.
FAIRFAX DOWNEY, Second Division Post, New York City.
FREDERICK C. PAINTON, William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.
ARTHUR DONOVAN, New York Athletic Club Post, New York City.
THOMAS J. MALONE, Theodor Petersen Post, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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—Reunion Rich Field vets. Sept. 27. F. W. Freeman, 22 Parker av., Cranford, N. J.

174TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. V. E. Fesenmeyer, Riceville, Tenn.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lakeside, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25. W. V. Mathews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

277TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. H. C. Lockwood, 3906 Douglas rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

380TH & 828TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

466TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Paul Barlow, St. Joseph, Mich.

SPRUCE & AERO CONSTR. SQDRNS., VANCOUVER BARRACKS—Proposed reunion. Wm. N. Edwards, 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. 303 ASSOC.—For date and plans of convention reunion, write to W. J. Calvert, 527 State Mutual bldg., Worcester, Mass., or Frank T. Herbert, 444 West Grand av., Chicago.

REMOUNT SQDRN. 342—Proposed reunion. Harry C. Campbell, 619 Wallace av., Bowling Green, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Convention reunion. All R. R. vets of A. E. F. or home camps invited to join. Clyde D. Burton, natl. reunion chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago.

BASE SPARE PARTS, DEPOT UNITS 1-2-3, M. T. C. 327—Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Report to B. C. Peterson, secy., 165 N. Elizabeth st., Chicago.

M. T. C. 301-2-3 VERNEUIL—Reunion, Lytton Bldg., State & Jackson sts., Chicago. Henry Hirsch, 6220 Woodlawn av., Chicago.

Cos. 346 & 802, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Fred Bushnell, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.

322D MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

C. & R. BRANCH, Q. M. C., CAMP CODY—Reunion. H. A. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

BASE HOSP. No. 136—Annual reunion. Hq. at Stevens Hotel, Chicago. Mrs. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER—Reunion, entire staff. Mrs. Mary Callaway, secy., 566 W. Third st., Dayton, Ohio.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—3d annual reunion. For details and membership, write J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3030, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

AMB. Co. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion hq. at Sherman Hotel, Chicago. Frank F. Fabian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

MARINES—Reunion of all ex-Marines, Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, Sun., Sept. 24, under auspices Marine Post, A. L. For details, write Henry Williams, finance officer, 316 W. 60th st., Chicago.

13TH Co. & 10TH REGT., U. S. M. C.—Proposed reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Annual reunion and business meeting. Mrs. Constance G. Strong, chmn., 3332 Home av., Berwyn, Ill.

NAVY—Reunion dinner of ex-navy and coast guardsmen, Sun., Sept. 24, Chicago. Report to S. M. Wolfred, 2838 W. 25th st., Chicago.

NAVY RADIONOMEN—EX—"sparks" interested in proposed convention reunion, write Doty, c/o Otto & Doty, Downers Grove, Ill.

NAVY AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets of M. I. T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Write Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.

NAVAL AIR STA., PROMONTINE—Proposed reunion. F. H. Norrington, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.

Co. 120, U. S. NAVY YARD, NORFOLK—Proposed reunion of vets of early 1918. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, Bonneville, Miss.

U. S. S. Agamemnon—Reunion, Naval Reserve Armory, Chicago. Jim Yellig, P. C., Santa Claus, Ind., or J. P. Hayes, 570 McKinley pkwy., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. DESTROYER Balch (No. 50)—Proposed reunion. Irvin E. Harris, Granite Falls, Minn.

U. S. S. Castine—Reunion banquet. W. C. Chapman, 134 Tipton st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. S. Dixie—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. Kanawha—Proposed reunion. Homer L. (Sunshine) Dukes, 1933 Axton av., Union, N. J.

U. S. S. Liberator—Proposed reunion. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago.

U. S. S. Manta—Reunion. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

U. S. S. New Jersey, Constellation and Boxer—Proposed reunion, including vets of Newport show, "Jack and the Bean Stalk." Forrest A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner av., Chicago.

Orlando SCRIVVORS—Men interested in proposed convention reunion dinner, write to A. H. Telford, 124 E. Simmons st., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. Quinnenbaum (North Sea Mine-layer)—2d annual reunion. Edward J. Stewart, 870 E. 28th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

219TH M. P. CORPS, 1ST ARMY Hq.—Proposed reunion. Andrew Perrier, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

POST OFFICE POSTS—Proposed organization of

all Post Office Legionnaires. Address inquiries to Onni R. Isaacson, secy., Natl. Conv. Comm., Van Buren Post, 7608 S. Peoria st., Chicago.

Stars and Stripes Assoc.—Annual reunion banquet, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Sun., Sept. 24. Robert Stack, secy., 859 Diversey, Chicago.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND ASSOC.—Reunion. Al Pearson, comdr., Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual convention of men and women vets, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

AMERICAN VETS OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—Second annual reunion. Vets interested, write to Fred B. Mansfield, adjt., Box 385, Atascadero, Calif.

VETS OF POLISH EXTRACTION and all LEGIONNAIRES invited to Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L., during convention. Walter Zasadski, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago.

LAST MAN'S CLUBS—Reunion, Congress Hotel, Chicago. Roy W. Swamborg, secy., 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.

6TH Co., INF. CANDIDATES SCHOOL, LA VAL-BONNE—Proposed reunion. Write to Fred O. Folk, c/o Maurice L. Rothschild, State & Jackson, Chicago, or D. J. LaPont, 5923 N. Shoreland av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F.—21st natl. annual reunion, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-23. July 21 is 2d Div. Day at Golden Gate International Exposition. David McKell, chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.

2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F., NEW YORK BRANCH—East Coast get-together, Hotel Victoria, New York City, June 15-17. June 16 is 2d Div. Day at N. Y. World's Fair. Howard Lator, gen. chmn., 530 W. 125th st., New York City.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual reunion, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-5. July 6th is 3d Div. Day at N. Y. World's Fair. For copy Watch on the Rhine and details of reunion, write F. S. Ragle, 130 W. 42d st., New York City.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) Div.—Proposed organization and reunion. New England 12th Div. vets and all 42d Inf. vets are requested to report to L. Irving Beach, 175 High st., Bristol, Conn.; all other 12th Div. vets report to Geo. H. Thamer, 31 Thatcher av., Buffalo, N. Y.

26TH (YD) Div.—YDVA natl. conv., Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. Write Wallace H. Gladding, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford.

Soc. of 28TH Div. A. E. F.—Annual convention and reunion, Williamsport, Pa., June 15-17. For roster, write to Walt W. Haugherty, secy., 1333 S. Vodges st., Philadelphia.

RAINBOW (42d) Div. VETS.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

OHIO RAINBOW Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, New Secor Hotel, Toledo, Ohio, June 9-10. For details, write Irvin C. (Jack) Henry, secy.-treas., 131 N. Main st., Marysville, Ohio.

75TH Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Camp Dix, N. J., Aug. 11-13. For details, write Raymond Taylor, secy., Closter, N. J.

80TH Div. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Mark R. Byrne, secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

89TH Div. Soc.—For details of reunion in St. Louis, write Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand av., Kansas City, Mo. 89th vets in Chicago area interested in organizing local Chapter, write to Rudolph Lurie, 5306 W. 23d st., Cicero, Ill.

5TH U. S. INF.—Proposed reunion and permanent organization of vets of 1915-1920. Write Louis Siegel, 99-25 62d Drive, Forest Hills, N. Y.

126TH INF.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum st., Philadelphia.

Co. M, 113TH INF.—Annual reunion at West Hoboken Post, A. L., Union City, N. J., June 17. Edw. H. Braue, 112 Ames av., Leonia, N. J.

Hq. Co., 316TH INF.—1st reunion at American Legion Home, Catasauqua, Pa., June 10. Harold L. Gillespie, 605 Howertown av., Catasauqua.

Co. K, 316TH INF.—Reunion dinner at Legion Home, Ephrata, Pa., June 10. Walter R. Myers, Ephrata.

41ST Co. ASSOC., INF. C. O. T. S., CAMP LEE, VA.—20th reunion, Yale Club, 50 Vanderbilt av., New York City, Sat., June 24, 9 p. m. To complete roster, report to Burt C. Meighan, secy., 120 Broadway, New York City, or Roy J. Wagner, treas., c/o Manufacturers Trust Co., 93d st. & Columbus av., New York City.

50TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 6. O. B. Shelley, secy., Monroe, N. C.

159TH DEPOT BRIG., CAMP TAYLOR—Proposed reunion. Ace Waters, 218 N. Main st., Rushville, Ind.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT March 31, 1939

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 613,067.76
Notes and accounts receivable	51,037.86
Inventories	99,962.91
Invested funds	1,961,377.70
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund,	201,427.79
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	124,264.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	31,611.38
Deferred charges	22,557.23
	<u>\$3,105,306.94</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities:	72,596.13
Funds restricted as to use	23,800.65
Deferred revenue	500,899.52
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	201,427.79
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,913,462.29
Unrestricted capital	393,120.56
	<u>2,306,582.85</u>
	<u>\$3,105,306.94</u>

123d M. G. Bn., 33d Div.—15th annual reunion, Quincy, Ill., June 11. Register with Sam E. Israel, 206 N. 27th st., Quincy.

133d M. G. Bn., 36th Div.—2d annual reunion, Marshall, Tex., June 18. Jesse J. Childers, 223 S. Covington st., Hillsboro, Tex.

310th M. G. Bn.—Reunion of all vets, Bethlehem, Pa., June 10-11. Arthur S. Anders, chmn., 46 W. Saucon st., Hellertown, Pa.

342d M. G. Bn.—Reunion, Watertown, S. D., July 2. I. O. Hagen, Huron, S. D.

11th F. A. Vets. Assoc.—Reunions, Sept. 2-4, in both Detroit, Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and latest issue *Cannonier*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

328th F. A. Vets. Assoc. A. E. F.—16th reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 24-25. L. J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids.

332d F. A. Band—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 3. Regimental history available, fifteen cents. G. E. Kaplanek, 1023 N. Laverne av., Chicago.

49th Art., C. A. C., Btry. A—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in July. For details, write Miss Lee, secy., 3417 Gravois av., St. Louis.

64th C. A. C., Btries. D & E—Annual reunion Columbus, Ohio, in June. For dates and details, write T. E. Watson, 605 Ogden av., Toledo, Ohio.

3d Trench Mortar Btry.—Reunion, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 3-8, with 3d Div. Barney Gallitelli, 294 17th st., Brooklyn.

12th Engrs.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., June 1-3. John J. Barada, secy., 4998 Fairview av., St. Louis.

Vets. 13th Engrs. (Ry.)—Annual reunion, Curtis Hotel, Minneapolis, June 16-18. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

23d Engrs.—State reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12-16. "Pop" Bryant, 715 Collier dr., Oakland.

Vets. 31st Ry. Engrs.—11th reunion, Oakland Hotel, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. Rosters still available. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

52d Engrs., R. T. C.—Reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle.

Co. C, 104th Engrs.—Proposed reunion, Trenton, N. J., in June or July. For details, write Charles Heins, Jr., 40 N. Main st., Lambertville, N. J., or Leo H. Murphy, Hamilton Square, N. J.

Troop I, 1st Cav., N. G. P., and Hq. Troop, 28th Div.—Reunion at Post 41 (Oakhall), A. L., Northumberland, Pa., July 22. D. R. McKinney, Sunbury, Pa.

Camp Upton Base Hosp. Assoc.—Reunion, Hotel McAlpin New York City, June 9-11. Dr. David Coyne, secy., 600 Washington st., Hoboken, N. J.

Debarcation Hosp. No. 1, Ellis Island—Proposed organization and 1939 reunion. Wm. M. Purcell, 132-37 83d st., Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *Canandaigua*—(Aline-layer)—Proposed reunion of crew in June. For details, write John Weller Wood, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. Army Amb. Corps (USAAC)—20th annual natl. conv., Hotel McAlpin, New York City, July 13-15, during World's Fair. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5321 Ludlow st., Philadelphia, Pa., or Hugh King, c/o McGraw-Hill, 330 W. 42d st., New York City.

Vets. A. E. F. Siberia—Reunion, Hollywood, Calif., June 18. W. M. Crandall, adjt., 920 Chester-Williams bldg., Los Angeles.

Navy Club of U. S. A.—2d natl. convention, Marion, Ohio, June 23-24. Navy Club Conv. Comm., c/o Chamber of Commerce, Marion.

314th Inf.—2d annual outing and clam bake at Crescent Park, R. L. Sun., July 16. All 314th vets families and guests invited.

M. G. Co. Vets Assoc., 316th Inf.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Paul B. Blocher, co. clk., 929 Gist av., Silver Spring, Md.

Co. M, 357th Inf.—Annual reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 29-30. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.

51st Pioneer Inf. Assoc.—Reunion, State Armory, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, 139-09 34th rd., Flushing.

59th Pioneer Inf. Assoc.—4th reunion, Rehoboth Beach, Del., in Aug. Howard D. Jester, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.

313th M. G. Bn.—20th annual reunion, Erie, Pa., Sun., Aug. 6. L. W. Welk, 210 Commerce bldg., Erie.

322d F. A. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sat., Sept. 9. For details, write Carl Dorsey, reunion secy., 1617 Shenandoah rd., Toledo, or L. B. Fritsch, hq. secy., Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

D Btry. Assoc., 134th F. A.—For roster, report to Lester S. Grice, secy.-treas., 420 Carlisle av., Dayton, Ohio.

15th Engrs. Wives & Mothers—Annual family reunion, West View Park, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 8. For details, write Beulah E. McGraw, secy., 1700 Renton av., E. Bellevue, Pa.

19th Engrs. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Elks County Club, Reno, Pa., Aug. 5. Write Geo. M. Bailey, adjt., 319 W. 28th st., Wilmington, Del.

23d Engrs.—State reunion, Taunton, Mass., in Aug. For date and copy *Hi-Way-Life*, write Russel E. Jenkins, 176 Highland st., Taunton.

23d Engrs.—Central States stag reunion, Vicksburg, Mich., June 17-18. Write Roy Cowan, 12716 Northlawn, Detroit, Mich., for details.

319th Engrs. Vets. Assoc.—6th reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 12, with Calif. Legion Conv. Kenneth S. Thomson, secy., 214 Central Bank bldg., Oakland.

JOHN J. NOLL,
The Company Clerk



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon

Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Here's How to Relieve It

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary surface remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Quickly

When you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is quickly relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases be sure to consult a specialist.

H. F. usually leaves the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. Don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the supply at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
860 Perido St.,
New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete supply for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.

If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

NATIONAL Vice Commander Henry C. Oakey writes us the one about a young attorney who had been appointed to defend a man charged with a serious public offense. The prisoner recited the facts of the case between sobs, and concluded by saying:

"They are going to hang me for it!"

The young attorney assured him that such was not the case, but the prisoner was inconsolable, and kept repeating:

"They are going to hang me!"

Finally the young lawyer said: "Well, if they do I'll make it plenty hot for 'em!"

ACCORDING to Frank E. Dalton, of Syracuse, New York, one Fourth of July a man was sprawled on his porch fast asleep. His wife and seven children came out of the house pounding on pots and pans, and shouting:

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

The man turned over and mumbled:

"Good gosh, how is a man going to get any sleep around here if you keep making that noise every year!"

FOR unusual-sign collectors, Dr. J. A. Hillscher, of Mankato, Minnesota, submits this combination heralded on a billboard in front of a house on a Wisconsin highway:

HOGS & PIES FOR SALE

ON A VISIT to Arkansas National Commander Chadwick was the guest of honor at a Chitterling Dinner. At the end of the festivities someone asked him how he liked it.

"Fine!" he replied. "But it takes a lot of guts to pull a party in Arkansas."

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Les Albert, of Idaho, tells one about a man who had to make a train trip on the morning after a heavy night. Still nursing a hangover, he 'phoned the ticket office and reserved two seats in the chair car.

"But why two seats?" asked a fellow sufferer.

"Because," he explained, "old Colonel Remorse will be right there with me, and I may as well make him comfortable."

WILLIAM D. SCHWARTZ, JR., of Charleston, South Carolina, a member of the National Americanism Commission, is responsible for the one about the preacher who was passing an old

colored man at work in his attractive garden.

"Uncle Abe, that's a mighty fine garden you have there," he said.

"Yas, suh!" agreed the old man.

"Well, you ought to thank the Almighty for it."

"Well, I dunno, boss," replied Uncle Abe. "Did you ever see this piece of ground when the Almighty had it all to Himself?"

THEN there is the one about a man who was taking an examination for

turtles—two large ones and a little one—went to a bar to quench their thirst. Each ordered a mug of sarsaparilla. When it had been placed on the bar, one of the large turtles commented that it was raining. Whereupon there was a lively discussion and it was decided they ought to have their umbrella, and that the little turtle should go home for it. The little turtle demurred to the idea, expressing the fear that if he went for the umbrella, the two big turtles would drink his sarsaparilla while he was gone. After much discussion the big turtles convinced the little one that they would not drink his sarsaparilla, and he started after the umbrella.

Three weeks passed, and finally one of the big turtles said:

"Let's drink the little guy's sarsaparilla."

"I've been thinking the same thing," said the other, "so that's just what we'll do."

From down at the end of the bar near the door, a shrill voice cried:

"If you do, I won't go after that umbrella!"

COLONEL Roane Waring, of Memphis, Tennessee, relates one about the habitual offender who asked the judge to postpone his trial because his lawyer was ill.

"But," the judge said, "what difference can that make? You were caught red-handed. What can your lawyer say in your defense?"

"I don't know," replied the prisoner. "That's why I want it postponed—so we can hear what he's got to say for himself."

DURING the National Convention in Los Angeles a Legionnaire was getting a special trip around one of the studios. He was even taken into the dressing room of one of the stars. On the wall was a large photograph of Tennyson. The Legionnaire remarked: "I see you are an admirer of Tennyson." "Who is Tennyson?" asked the actor. "That's his picture," said the Legionnaire. "That's Tennyson, the poet." "Why, is that old file a poet?" exclaimed the movie star. "I got him for a study in wrinkles."

THE teacher was giving her pupils a test in natural history.

"Now, Henry, tell us where the elephant is found."

"Gosh, ma'am," said Henry, "the elephant is such a big animal it is scarcely ever lost."



"Oh! Oh! I was afraid of something like that!"

an auto-driving license, and one of the questions asked was:

"What would you do if the occupant of a car ahead moved arm up and down?"

"Who is the occupant?" asked the applicant. "Man or woman?"

COMRADE James F. O'Neil, of Manchester, New Hampshire, tells one about a tough mug who was being sworn as a witness in court.

"Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!" said the clerk.

"Why not?" said the tough guy. "I'll try anything once."

LEGIONNAIRE John T. Winterich, noted New York bibliophile, tells us the one about the three turtles. These



(Above) Magnificent gateway of the Amusement Zone of 1939 San Francisco World's Fair.

From Seagram's "Treasure" Came 7 and 5 Crown—"America's Finest"

From the never-ending treasure piled high in Seagram's warehouses, came the famous blends known as Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown.

The richer "Seven Crown"... for all its hearty flavor, is still delightfully light—a supreme

achievement of Seagram's master blenders. The milder "Five Crown" has a more delicate flavor, a superb fineness of bouquet.

To enjoy a drink from either bottle, is to know the pleasure of "America's Finest."

AT "AMERICA'S FINEST" BARS AND PACKAGE STORES

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"



Copy, 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey, 72½% neutral spirits distilled from grains. Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from grain.



Lou Sloan (center), All-American Canal engineer, pauses to enjoy a Camel, the cigarette he calls "the best-tasting and mellowest I know."

"FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

L. R. SLOAN, JR., IRRIGATION ENGINEER



1 LOU SLOAN is engineering a link in the All-American Canal that winds from the Colorado River to California's Imperial and Coachella Valleys. Lou says: "Out here, where the heat hits 120 degrees, it's mighty pleasant to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL."



2 THIS PICTURE shows Lou directing a giant shovel that grabs up 25 tons of dirt per scoop. Men in this barren country find few high-spots in life. So Lou and most of his fellow workers are grateful for the true smoking enjoyment they get from Camels. "I like Camel's mellow mildness and delicate flavor," says Lou. "Mildness" and "flavor" are words that Camels put into many a smoker's mouth. Smokers enjoy Camels *more* because there's *more* to a Camel.



3 GRAPPLING with knotty problems in a withering climate, engineer Sloan finds each mellow, cheering Camel a good friend indeed. He says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!" And Lou finds Camels uniformly good—always mellow and delightful.

"Mild as a Camel" is a Camel smoker's way of describing anything that is mellow, smooth. Smoke 6 packs of Camels. Learn why they are the largest-selling cigarette in America—a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



FOR SMOKING PLEASURE
AT ITS BEST —

CAMEL...

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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